

OLD
GLORY
AND
THE
GOSPEL
—
CONDUCT

OLD GLORY AND THE GOSPEL IN THE PHILIPPINES

ALICE BYRAM CONDUCT M.D.

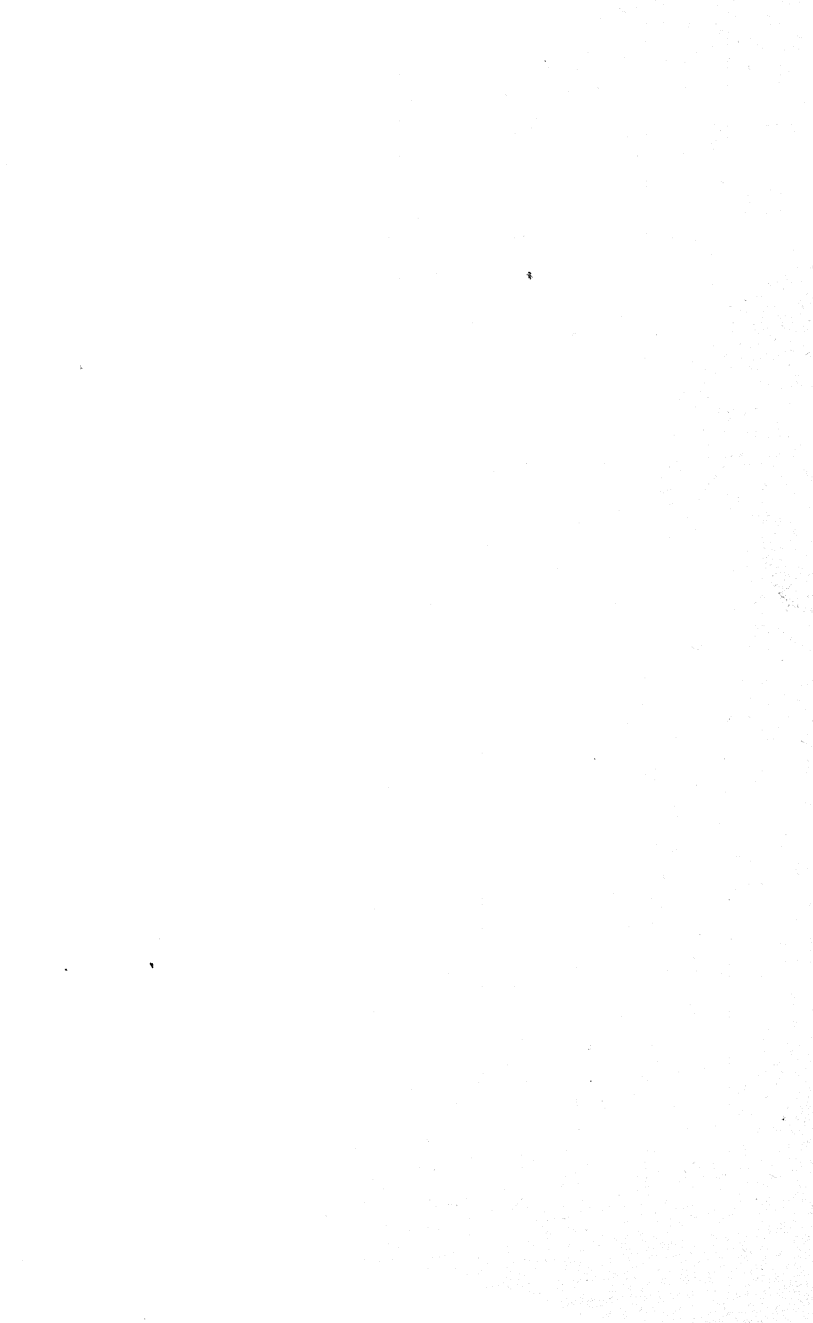
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**OLD GLORY AND THE GOSPEL IN
THE PHILIPPINES**

Old Glory and the Gospel in the Philippines

NOTES GATHERED DURING PROFES-
SIONAL AND MISSIONARY WORK

BY
ALICE BYRAM CONDUCT, M. D.



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PREFATORY NOTE.

Alice Byram Condict, M. D., author of "Old Glory and the Gospel in the Philippines," is a descendant of "Priscilla and John Alden," and also of Jonathan Dickinson, first President of the Princeton College. Her Puritan blood impels her to believe in liberty of conscience, and in having the Bible, the word of God, in the homes of the people, and this will give the coloring to her treatment of the Friar Question and the need of Protestant missions in the Philippine Islands.

Dr. Condict has had an extensive experience in her profession both in America and in India. In the latter country her practice took her among the poorest and among the highest, even into the Zenanas of His Highness the Nizam of Hyderabad. All this fits her eminently to observe resemblances and contrasts, and to moralize on the great questions of the Orient as represented in the Philippine Islands.

During 1899 she worked among the famine sufferers of India, then came to Manila for rest and recuperation. Soon after her arrival here she felt impelled to write of what she saw, heard and felt.

At first it was not in her thought to make a book; but her interest grew as she studied the various and intricate problems which present themselves here, and the book which she now offers to the public is the outcome.

This book will enable the American public to see the Philippine Islands through the eyes of a cultured, Christian American lady, who has been in the very heart of the beginnings of Protestantism in the Philippine Islands, and who, because of her profession, has seen the inner home life of the Filipino people.

The story of the organization of the "Evangelical Union" told in the last chapter of this book marks a movement in the comity of missions in advance of anything ever before known on any mission field. When the Union was consummated a holy awe and joy took possession of us, with a consciousness that a great and far-reaching work had been accomplished. I heartily commend this book to the American reading public.

BISHOP FRANK W. WARNE,
Methodist Episcopal Bishop of India, Malaysia and the Philippine Islands.

Manila, May 1, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION

Don't read this introduction unless you are middle-aged and have some gray hairs, for, if you are very young, I'm sure you won't care for this retrospect; so be advised and skip it.

It is likely, however, you do the things you are advised not to do. In that case, be you studious or fond of pastimes, I crave your loving sympathy toward the people and land Old Glory has lately been fostering. You may linger a moment to get a glimpse of the ways in which past history has been standing at the helm, guiding the "ships of state" into unknown seas. Our "ship of state" has had such guiding of late, for that our glorious old flag has come to the Philippine Islands to stay is a settled fact. The much vexed question is answered, and that almost without our realizing the why and wherefore.

Certainly when the order from Washington was issued that Admiral Dewey should find the Spanish fleet guarding the Philippine Islands, and destroy it, the measure was simply one of forethought, for we fully expected Spain to wreak vengeance on our

seaport towns, and the sooner we put that Spanish-Philippine fleet out of the way, the nearer to security we should feel while we were getting matters settled in Cuba.

Let us glance at the movements of God in history. Most interesting it is to study the past, and from its pages read the story of how the centers of commerce and civilization have moved on from time to time. In a voluminous but most fascinating book, "The Expansion of England," we have some eye-openers, which it is a privilege to consider. In the school of Carl Rueter much has been said of three stages of civilization determined by geographical conditions. "The Potamic," which clings to rivers; "The Thalassic," which grows up around inland seas; and lastly, "The Oceanic." This theory looks as if it had been suggested by the change which followed the discovery of the New World. When indeed European civilization passed from the "Thalassic" to the "Oceanic" stage, till then trade and civilization had clung to the Mediterranean Sea. Till then the ocean had been a limit, a boundary, not a pathway. Italy reaped the benefit of the Thalassic period. The Romans seemed to have a natural superiority over the countries about them and those north of the Alps. Her great circuit of sea coast was the greatest secret. Around

the Mediterranean Sea centered all civilization until Columbus and the Portuguese altered all this by substituting the Atlantic Ocean for the Mediterranean Sea as the highway of commerce. From that moment the reign of Italy was over. True, Italy, shortly after, became a vast battle-field in the great struggle of France and Spain; but Italy would have declined had no such battles occurred. The hidden source which fed her energy and glory was dried up by the discovery of the New World.

The Mediterranean Sea had not receded, but it had lost once for all the character which it had had almost from the days of the Odyssey. It had ceased to be the central sea of human intercourse and civilization, the chief, nay almost the one sea of history. "So clearly had the providential edict gone forth that European civilization should cease to be Thalassic and should become Oceanic." "Civilization was shifting its headquarters."

Up to the time of Columbus' discovery, Spain, Portugal, France, Holland, and, most markedly of all, England, had been second-class nations; but how quickly they became actively engaged in the struggle for the New World and assumed prominent places in dealing with vast problems of conquest, colonization and commerce, while before this they had vegetated in a rustic monotony. Now the

countries bordering on the Atlantic find its waters their civilizing agency.

The civilization of the Thalassic age was, like its inland sea, small in comparison to the surging ocean. So the civilization of the Oceanic period took on vast proportions. Like the Ocean, its pathway, its ventures were vast, its progress more marvelous than, and different from any past history. Our continent has developed into a mighty governmental power. The railroads, which thickly interlace the entire surface and bind the East to the West, taking population to every part, and developing every mile of country, have been a mighty agency in all this progress.

But still the ancient Potamic influences are felt in the opening of our country by its rivers. Our Great Lakes have also taken the part of inland seas (Thalassic), till all is occupied by teeming millions from every part of the globe. The United States as a nation has grown so prosperous that in our great cities we are almost fearful of effeminacy from the luxuries that are ours.

Salvation from super-civilization lies in the restless Anglo-Saxon blood that always moves on, guided by the unseen Almighty God. We were prompted in 1898 by sympathy and education to rescue those of our less fortunate neighbors from

oppression and tyranny. In doing this we are led further than we dreamed. Even the oppressors forge a link in the chain of circumstances that stirred the American nation to deeds of valor in the sinking of the Maine. From the North to the South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the excitement aroused by the indignity done to our navy was intense. The people's cry of agony was in the high key of the infuriated. President McKinley, in his calm attitude of waiting to obtain absolute evidence of the murderous intents of our host, for whose land we had only the most benevolent intentions, was urged to plunge at once into war. Can we forget those days of suspense? But our statesman at the helm could not be hurried. How characteristic of our late and much lamented President McKinley was his attitude in those days of waiting. The silence in the White House was golden. Full time was given to investigate before our nation was allowed to become involved in war. Mr. McKinley coolly weighed every detail. He seemed to be thinking of his duty to the Spaniards while the impulse of the people was their annihilation. Every test, however, failed to exonerate the cowardly government that alike crushed its own subjects and murdered those who came to pour balm on their wounds. The great Republic that had such fathers as Washing-

ton and Lincoln could not in the name of humanity prevent the will of the people from being carried out.

War was inevitable. First, to satisfy our responsibility to those crying to us for aid and to show that dishonor done our navy could not remain unpunished, war was declared. When once launched into war, we were bound to finish what had been begun. As has already been said, to protect our shores from invasion by the reputed powerful Spanish navy, the order was given to destroy the Spanish-Philippine ships which might menace our sea-ports. The command was carried out; and in doing so, instead of sinking a few Spanish ships, the chain of events ended in the taking of Manila, and eventually the islands whose capital had already surrendered. Thus it has come about that in point of center of area, our Pacific Coast becomes the center of dominion. The Atlantic Ocean, whose waters have for the past four hundred years been fulfilling the high edicts of the Almighty God in carrying civilization from the East to the West, is still in its zenith of usefulness. The "ocean greyhounds" and massive freight vessels are increasing year by year, but still there is a moving westward. Now the Pacific Ocean, whose extent is possibly double that of the Atlantic, is about to take its part, as never

before, in the world-civilization that still remains to be accomplished.

How wondrous the march of events that quickly follow the coming of Old Glory to the East—in the movement of China to drive from its shores the civilizing and Christianizing influences that have begun to be felt. The fortresses and pagodas of that ancient chrysalis are shaken by the firing of the ponderous guns of the Boxers. They awake from the long sleep of heathenism. All nations gather as by magic to storm the ancient capital. We rest assured that the resistless forces far above all petty human avarice and self-aggrandizement are only a small factor in the case. The divinely ordained forces are bound to be victorious. The Christianizing and consequently civilizing of those great peoples, the Chinese and Thibetans, are in the near future. The Pacific Ocean is now well under way towards fulfilling its destiny to bring to these ancient lands the Christianity, the civilization and commerce that will put warm blood into their veins. The United States has acquired more than a coaling station, for which practical use someone at first suggested the Philippine Islands were destined. How grand to be living in such a time, and have ever so small a part in the great train of providences now being carried out.

The new century is inaugurated in its mission of enlightening the Far East, as China and Thibet are often called; and we of the United States have become a factor in the working out of problems so rapidly to be solved. Surely Old Glory should feel quite in its element in the East, standing always for liberty of conscience and advancement of civilization.

Our United States, with the two greatest oceans of the world as its highway for commerce and civilization, is on the threshold of its greatest era of prosperity.

This little book goes on its mission of love—clothed in the simplest dress—having no literary merit, but with the endeavor to show who our wards are, something of their past history, and why Old Glory has a mission to meet their necessities, the first fruits having already ripened. All matters relating to business possibilities, or information regarding trade, have been utterly ignored, as others are treating of these important matters most comprehensively.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST VIEW OF MANILA.

During the long voyage across the Pacific Ocean, one slowly comes under the influence of tropical seas, and we find ourselves losing something of our American energy, so characteristic of those born and bred in northern latitudes.

We are surely wafting to the softer influences that insensibly relax to less activity.

This does not, however, mean that we have become depreciated in aim or power to achieve, but that we must yield to the inevitable law in these latitudes of less physical exertion.

Happy the American who quickly learns this lesson, and thus conserves his vitality.

By yielding gracefully he will not find the climate so difficult to endure.

A long and happy service awaits the wise philosopher who does not force himself to live a northern mode of life near the equator.

By the time we have turned from the Southern China Sea into Manila Bay, we are fully under these softer influences, and are scanning the horizon for

the tropical vegetation that accords with these summer breezes.

In vain we search the water line with the best of sea glasses, hoping we may be the fortunate passenger who will first discover the metropolis of our hopes and fears.

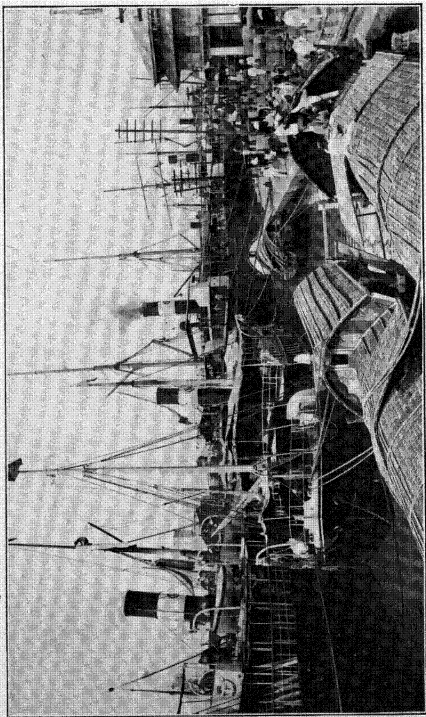
We can scarcely realize this is Manila Bay, for its expanse of twenty-five miles seems more like an inland sea.

It is late afternoon, and the languid air makes all nature slow of pulse. Flying fish with their silver glitter hover like birds above the waves, playing in sheer love of sunshine and limpid water. Upon our approach a great brown sea turtle, that is basking in the sun on the surface, swiftly plies his foot-like paddles and disappears in the watery depths.

To our right by aid of our glasses we distinguish Cavite and its bay, where the historic naval battle occurred.

Presently we begin to see a low line of buildings, and towering above them, here and there, the domes of Roman Catholic churches. Skyscrapers will never be possible here, because of frequent and often violent earthquakes.

Our vessel comes to anchor and we step on the steam launch that awaits our ocean steamship.



THE CROWDED CONDITION OF THE PASIG RIVER AT MANILA.

Now we feel we have found something truly American in the little vessel with our Stars and Stripes sharply tossed in the breeze.

The city soon looms up quite distinctly, and we have entered the mouth of the Pasig River.

To the right is the noted Spanish fort Santiago, with its grim, ancient walls and grated windows, that remind us of those slimy dark cells, where many a poor prisoner has died of the "noisome pestilence" gendered by the filth of years.

The swift river is a most treacherous water; many of our brave soldiers who happened to fall overboard were caught in its whirlpools and drowned before help could reach them.

The stream is lined with smaller ocean craft, and native "cascos" that are waiting to be unloaded, for they have brought to Manila the produce of the many islands of this group. Tobacco, manila hemp, lumber, sugar, rice and fruits form a large part of their cargo. This crowded condition of the Pasig River will no doubt be relieved when Government has finished the massive breakwater near the river's mouth that is being rapidly pushed to completion.

We reach the shore after climbing over two or three vessels, and are soon seated in a carromato (native carriage) and being rapidly driven to the principal business street, "The Escolta," or over

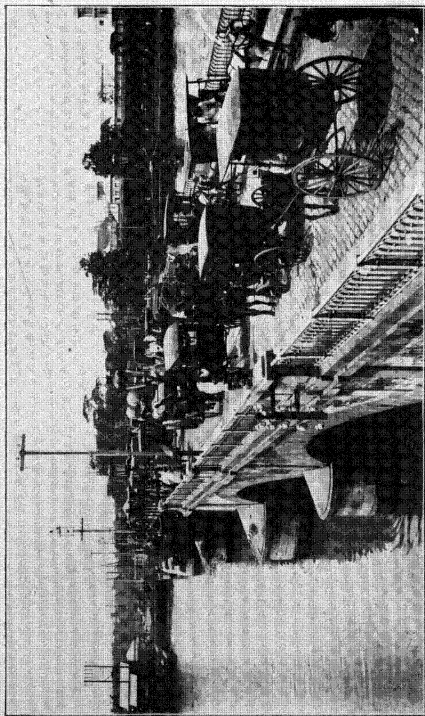
“Puente de Espana” (Spanish bridge) that connects commercial Manila lying on the north of the river to the walled city on the south.

With the return of peace to these islands trade has taken a rapid bound upward. In the present crowded condition of commercial Manila the leading question is, “How shall we get more room for people and carriages”?

The American police, stationed every two hundred feet on the Escolta, are kept busy guiding the carriages that so often block the thoroughfares. Some business men think it may very soon be necessary to cross the river and build on a larger scale.

The Chinese quarter is a veritable “Chinatown,” with its crowded little booth-like shops and their immense red signs decorated with large gilt Chinese characters. The two hundred thousand Chinamen we find in the islands are largely merchants and mechanics. At present they almost exclusively monopolize the retail lumber trade.

The city is divided into sections. A roomy plaza with a massive Roman Catholic church fronting on the space they utilize for their frequent processions in celebration of some canonized saint, which in the evening make a gorgeous display with the thousands of lighted torches.



FIRST VIEW OF MANILA, THE SPANISH BRIDGE OVER PASIG RIVER.

When driving about this tropical city, one is impressed by its cosmopolitan character.

There are Spanish families still living in their old houses, with lovely gardens partly enclosed in high walls. On the street we meet the "Mestizo," or Filipino of the plains, with his flowing white dress. Here are found, too, the German and English merchants or shipowners, the Parsee or educated Hindu who has come from India for business. The omnipresent Chinaman, however, is seen in every grade and class. Possibly the first to encounter will be the Chinese peddler who is sure to want to sell you something from the huge pack he carries all day on his shoulders, and from whom, by the way, one may buy many most exquisite pieces of Chinese embroidery or dress material at a far lower cost than is possible from any other merchant.

One is struck by the large number of children. If it were not for the fact that four out of five children die before ten years of age, the population would be like China or Japan. For it is said by good authority that we have in the Philippines area equal to Japan, which has 40,000,000 people, while in these islands we have but 10,000,000 population.

When sanitary laws are better understood by the natives, and they have become fully Americanized, the native increase of population may be expected.

Municipal government under more enlightened rule is making rapid improvement in laying out broad avenues. Fine corps of men are industriously scraping out ditches which were breeding fever and dysentery. If one has a house engaged he is counted fortunate, as houses are held at a high rent and are almost unobtainable.

The exterior of the ordinary house is barn-like. They stand directly on the street with a two-foot sidewalk between them and a much traveled road.

Sliding windows enclose a broad veranda on the second floor. These screen-like slides are made of a thin translucent shell that is found in abundance on the shores and are not breakable. They are most inexpensive and suitable. The floors of Manila houses are of dark wood, very unique and elegant.

The trees from which the lumber was obtained must have been of mammoth dimensions, and though cut with a handsaw in primitive fashion receive a high polish.

The "house boy" cleans the floors every morning by a three-fold process. First with a soft grass broom of esthetic shape and texture. Second with a damp cloth, and third by standing barefooted on pads of cloth wet in kerosene, he leisurely shuffles up and down with a skating movement till the floors

are polished to his satisfaction. He seems to time himself by the number of cigarettes he smokes.

The kitchens of these Manila houses are small and of primitive design, with the clay stove of the Orient. Many American families, however, have the luxury of a cooking stove in which wood is burned. The cook is a Chinaman, or a Filipino, who also does the daily marketing, as it is too warm to keep any supplies, and ice boxes are rare, although manufactured ice is quite inexpensive and most families, including Filipinos, indulge in ice cream and ices many times in the week. On the whole the table is well supplied with vegetables and fruit.

The meats are not so good because they must be eaten so soon after being killed, at least so your cook insists.

Fish of many varieties is abundant. The greatest privation in the food line is the lack of fresh milk, for there seems to be no sure way of obtaining the pure article from the native milkman and his bamboo milk jug. When Americans have found the secret of bringing fine kinds of cattle from our own country, that can bear the climate, we may hope for better things. At present the milk and butter used by Americans comes by cold storage vessels from Australia. Canned goods are used only by our countrymen.

Aside from these average Spanish houses used by Americans, there are imposing bungalows occupied by officers and foreign legations.

These residences are situated near the river or bay. They have high ceilings and the large sliding windows which make it possible to have the entire side of the room open to the air. Many of these houses have inlaid mosaic floors, evidently of Italian design. There are richly carved folding doors of exquisite hardwood resembling mahogany.

The broad hardwood staircases and carved balustrades are silent reminders of the days when wealthy Castilians indulged in the luxury of these palatial houses.

The house-tops, adorned by rare foliage plants where the family live in the early morn and late evening, are veritable hanging gardens.

Many of these bungalows are still the property of Spanish people, now gone to Spain, who collect large rents from their Manila homes.

These more elegant houses are some distance from the crowded city and are situated in Ermita, Malate or in San Maguel.

Many fine residences are also found in the towns of Trozo or Binondo, for commercial Manila is like many old cities of Europe, simply a consolidation of several smaller towns.

All the cosmopolitan inhabitants of commercial and walled Manila of 300,000 people, by mutual consent, indulge in the luxury of a walk or ride on the Luneta at sunset.

This historic drive is the grand parade ground, or boulevard by the bay. At about 6 p. m. all conditions and nationalities of men congregate to enjoy this combined concert, daily reception and pleasure drive.

There are groups of petticoated friars strolling leisurely along, for the many hundreds who are crowded in the walled city have been driven here to seek protection. These friars were the former padres of the parishes in the provinces. It is a boon for them to find a breathing space here.

The long lines of carriages are bearing families of merchants or professional men. Many lovely Filipino ladies are enjoying the cool evening air and getting a distant view at least, of the United States officers' families, who are much in evidence.

Ladies are dressed in soft white, often with bare necks and arms, with only a flower or knot of ribbon in the hair, seated in trim little victorias, drawn by spirited native ponies. Gentlemen gather by the carriage of some popular belle to have a chat.

Officers who have no families are sure to be prominent, thus driving for a little, or stopping to greet

friends, or perchance to linger near the band stands, for the military bands often provide a rare musical treat.

The unique procession slowly moves on to enjoy the delicious sea breeze while the evening shades draw nigh.

Judge Norris, an orator, who often discourses to the army Y. M. C. A., has most perfectly described the gorgeous sunsets as seen from the Luneta. He says: "The most beautiful sunset in the United States is as viewed looking out over the waters of Manila Bay. All colors of the rainbow, the crimson, gold and purple, the hue of the diamond, the ruby, the sapphire, the topaz and emerald, blend where sky and sea almost imperceptibly meet.

"Through these gates of glory is a pavement of gold leading to the United States.

"Over that pavement of gold and through that radiant way comes new life and light to these islands. May it come with the American soldier and American citizen, composed of strong manhood of the United States. Let the American people control the destinies of the archipelago. Let the principles of Washington prevail, and in half a decade, yea, in half that time, the Filipinos will with us exult in the common heritage of the name and fame of Washington."

When the skies grow darker, and the glorious sunset begins to fade, suddenly the strains of our national anthem fill the air. "The Star Spangled Banner" is the sign for the close of the concert.

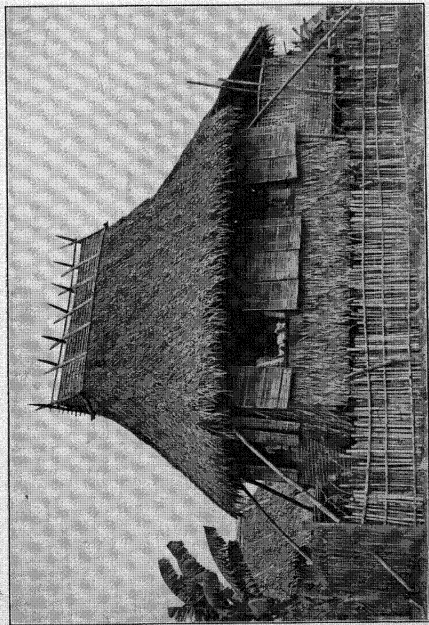
Immediately every gentleman springs to his feet. The Filipino, also, gives our flag his homage, and all stand with uncovered heads till the last strains die away, and the slowly retreating procession has left the beach to the soft murmur of the waves.

CHAPTER II.

NIPA SHACKS.

Like the birds and squirrels, these native people of the poorer classes build their abodes out of the material nature has supplied, which always lies ready to hand. Nothing could be more artistic and harmonize more perfectly with the landscape than the "nipa shack." Not a nail need be used in its construction. The bamboo is perhaps more abundant here than in any other tropical country, and waves its plume-like foliage over every neglected spot. The country roads are sylvan bowers. There are bamboo hedges which touch overhead; the passion vine, with its royal purple blossoms, seems bent on making every little lane and road fit for a triumphal procession. Nestled among such surroundings are the "nipa shacks."

Thatched with the palm, the roof is a perfect protection against the midday sun, and, in its season, the searching typhoon's driving rain. When a shack is to be built, a frame of stout bamboos mortised together and firmly lashed with pliable strips from the bamboo's outer covering, is raised. The sides of



THE NIPA SHACK WHERE THE FIRST COTTAGE PRAYER MEETING WAS HELD.

the houses are also thatched with the brown nipa leaf palm. The openings for the windows are shielded, when necessary, by movable squares, which are useful at all times; by propping out the nipa shield, which serves as a shutter, one has an awning, most picturesque and complete, to soften the midday glare. When the cool nights come during the interval from November to March, these shields are lowered.

All nipa shacks are mounted on stilts, which lift the bird's nest of a house several feet from the ground, because the earth for months may be sodden, or covered more or less with water. They are approached by ladder-like stairs, made of three bamboos tied together. Once inside we are charmed. The floors are of strips of bamboo, the flint-like glossy covering making a perfectly polished surface. Each strip is tied to the large bamboos that form the beams below, and bend beneath the feet like elastic springs. The open spaces afford excellent ventilation, and enable one to enjoy a view of feathery ferns waving in the breeze below, or if less esthetically inclined, an old hen clucking to her chickens. Sofa-like seats are built into the house. These serve for beds for those who do not choose the floor and a grass pillow.

The kitchens, however, are most interesting.

Here are the clay fire-places, such as are used so much in the Orient, fac similes of those found in houses of ancient Pompeii, destroyed 1900 years ago. The pots and pans are of the same red clay. Banana leaves often serve for dishes, and save dish-washing. How the natives manage to build fires and cook rice and fish, their chief articles of food, without burning down this most inflammable house is a mystery. The burning of a shack would not, however, prove a great calamity, as the banana groves are so dense between the little leafy huts that fire seldom spreads.

Unlike most peoples of the poorest class, these Filipinos as a rule are cleanly, the chief employment of the women being the washing of clothes. Standing in the river (and rivers are very numerous), with the water to her knees, the thrifty housewife beats the clothes with a broad wand. She bleaches the white pieces till they are like driven snow.

When visiting one of these shacks, harp and violin were taken down, and we were treated to the music peculiar to this "peculiar people." Even their dance music savors of the minor key. The children danced for us in wave-like movements, keeping perfect time to the music.

Most of the musical instruments in these simple



TWO PICKANINNIES

homes are of amateur make; but there never was such melting, dreamy, pleading music as is theirs.

In these shacks there are swarms of children, who chew the fresh sugar-cane all day, and wear an apology for clothing in the way of a tiny slip that scarcely covers their nakedness, so sheer is its texture. It is remarkable how soon one comes to feel that the dark skin is the proper dress in this hot climate!

In open spaces between these little brown huts we have been holding interesting open-air evangelistic meetings. With a small folding organ to accompany the singing of Spanish hymns, we begin the service. In a few moments the crowd begins to gather. The Filipinos had never even heard of an open-air service. Their church-going has all been with the Romish petticoated priests; not even with the nuns who scarcely ever go abroad, but are closely shut in the high walls of the old Spanish nunneries. Men linger as they pass by our singing group. Women with babies, young girls in their pretty pena dress and long, flowing black hair, young students in spotless white just from the college or office; all unexpectedly find in their path the unusual gathering. The music is an attraction they cannot resist. So they linger, at first with a scowl of uncertain disapproval, but gradually this hint of uncertainty

disappears and melts into questioning approval, and later into unrestrained interest.

How interesting to watch these faces and realize that we are actually sowing "the seed" in virgin soil! The Bible is read under the open sky, in the gathering shadows of the setting sun. They find God's temple and His own illumined shrine under the shades of banana and bamboo, and learn that "they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." In this way they find that prayer is not a senseless round of words in an unknown tongue, but a voicing of the heart's most earnest cry. Sin, so realized and felt by us all, can never be washed away except by the confession of our guilt to Jesus Himself. Jesus, our Elder Brother, is pledged to fulfill His own words, and those written by the Holy Spirit, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life," "and the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Jesus has never given this divine power to forgive sins, or even to present the penitent sinner to God, to any human being. It is His right, so dearly bought on the Cross. To Him let us go like little children to a tender father.

During the prayer all heads are bowed, and the

most heartfelt reverence is shown. The seed so small, so easily killed or injured, has fallen into hundreds of longing hearts. The soil has been long preparing by the patient Gardener. Years of dissatisfaction and questioning doubt have gone before. Thousands of heart histories might be written, where the cunning friar has overstepped prudence, and this patient, naturally religious people have come to the point of losing all faith in the church. Often bitter hatred has taken the place of love.

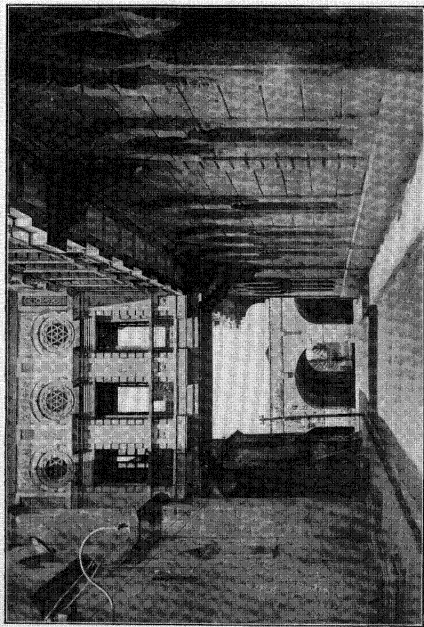
At the end of the service the Gospels, separately bound, or the Testaments in Spanish or Tagalog are offered for from two and a half to twenty cents each. Eagerly they press around us for copies. Many buy the single Gospels by the dozen that they may give them to friends. The hymn sheets are carried home and days later we often hear them singing the sweet tunes and dwelling on the words. When we give them a song that follows them in their daily life we have found a mighty power that speaks to hearts and influences lives as no other agency can possibly do.

CHAPTER III.

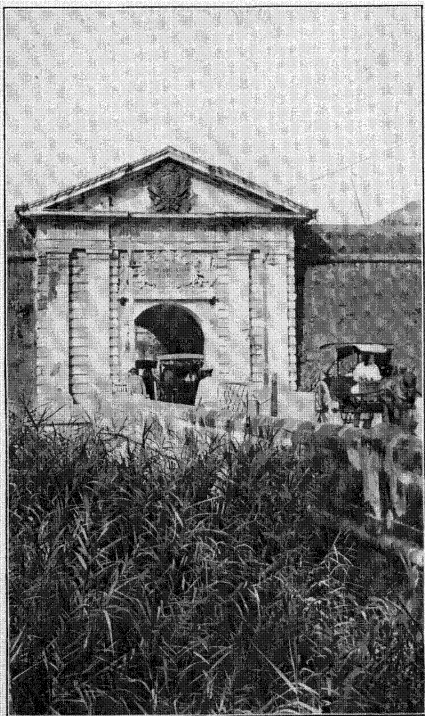
OLD MANILA.

This walled city was built about 1590, or about three centuries ago, and reminds one of mediaeval Europe. The narrow streets have a decidedly monastic appearance. There are no cafes, theaters or other places of amusement, and few stores. In the past, religious processions of the Romish church and convents were the masked evidence of life here. The whole city evidently was built to guard Government officials and those of the church acting for the Government. The massive walls are double in some places, with moats, gates, and draw-bridges. These moats are choked with weeds and tropical shrubs, like a veritable pontoon marsh. The heavily paneled gates "suggest a dark and troubled past."

The draw-bridges with chains still intact take one back to mediaeval times, when knights and horses were heavily mailed, and when arrows and spears were weapons of warfare. There are, also, evidences of massive cannon of ancient make having rested on the wide, battlemented walls. In some parts the walls support an ancient fort, which



A STREET IN OLD MANILA.



ONE OF THE TEN GATES OF OLD MANILA SHOWING
MOAT AND BRIDGE.

extends over the outer moat. This moat is nothing more than a dangerous swamp likely to engulf any who attempt to cross it. On that portion toward the open country there are two separate walls, moats and gates. In the olden days the Spanish preferred to live inside such protection. The gates were shut at dark and draw-bridges were pulled up, for all outside were known to be hostile natives, who saw in all government their natural enemy. There are eight draw-bridges and as many gates in these walls, in a fairly good state of preservation.

The question at present is what to do with these moats which reek with slime and send out pestilential odors. The Civil Commission has had them examined by the army physicians, with a hope of getting some light on the best way to dispose of the death-traps. It is affirmed by Spanish authorities that the sewage of this city for three hundred years has been collecting here. Some ancient authorities say these moats are paved at the bottom. Even in recent Spanish times the possibility of cleaning the moats has been debated, but authorities hesitated to disturb the deposit, for fear of danger more serious than would result from allowing it to remain. A tentative attempt has been inaugurated by the United States Commission to cleanse one moat. A more perfect connection with the river and

bay has been cleared, so that the tide readily rises and falls in the slimy depths.

The area enclosed in the city walls is about a mile square. On the side toward the mouth of the Pasig River is the old Spanish fort of Santiago, now utilized as barracks for some of our troops; also as a convenient and secure arsenal whence ammunition is supplied to the troops over the islands. It is also used as a place of confinement for prisoners of war. Many of the ancient cells beneath are below tide-water level, and no doubt were used in ancient days as a ready way of disposing of many poor wretches, who never saw the day after entering those fatal cells. The floors of some cells are even now strewn with human bones.

When the United states took Manila there were 2,900 prisoners in the jails. Many were political prisoners who had been confined on the merest suspicions. After investigation 1,100 were released. Twenty-four of these were women. A widow had entered the prison with a little boy of four years. He was seventeen years old when released. Another woman had been imprisoned Enceinte. Her child was born in the prison cell and was ten years old at the time of release.

None of these ancient fortifications are of any

value in modern warfare; but will be allowed to stand as monuments of the past.

The population inside of the walls is dense. No bit of ground is wasted. There are at least one hundred thousand people in the walled city. Here are still the Government Halls, "El Palacio" (the state house), which is quite imposing. We climbed the broad marble stairs to the midway landing and enjoyed that masterpiece of art, the statue of Magellan.

Members of the Commission have offices here. Passing down the marble halls, we heard the busy click of typewriters at work on official letters.

Not many blocks away is the old Spanish Seminary, formerly filled with young Filipinos being trained as priests. Here now the United States has headquarters for municipal officers, the Proboste General, the tax collectors and others.

In the walled city Rome has her best ecclesiastical buildings. Here is the Cathedral with its massive walls and dome. Women and children sought protection here during troublous times, for it was said no bombshell could penetrate the walls. Now it is open all day for any devout Roman Catholics who may wish to store up merit by long prayers and oft-repeated confessions. Here are many convents and schools, where young girls are educated. They

spend most of the day in embroidering or in studying music or painting. The primary studies, in most cases, are considered quite sufficient for girls. There are also colleges for boys. In one of these there are nearly 2,000 students. All are under the tutorship of priests.

Fully two-thirds of the walled city population is composed of Romish votaries. The Archbishop's palace is here, with its elegant chapel. There are also many ancient churches of Rome. Here are found nunneries where the nuns never see the light of day, but spend all their lives within the high convent walls. The walled city boasts of one large hospital, "San Juan de Dios," where any one can have care while sick at a moderate cost. Filipino patients, however, are forced to confess as often as the priest in attendance sees fit. If confession is refused by the patient, he is told that he had better not remain. For this reason, with a growing Filipino Christian Protestant church, it is necessary to have as soon as possible a first-class Filipino hospital, where good nursing and medical care can be had, free from Romish demands.

Driving or walking about this ancient city, one sees many petticoated men. It is the custom of the friars to walk abroad at evening. Many, no doubt, belong to churches away in the provinces, but on

account of the deadly hate the people have for them, since 1896, they have had to come to walled Manila for safety. The question is, "Why do the people hate them"? Is there any good cause for the bitter rebellion against these men who formerly were the padres (fathers) of the parishes? There are here four different orders—the Dominicans, Augustins, Recolletos, and Franciscans. In 1896, there were over 1,100 of these friars in the parishes all over the islands. When American troops arrived they found over four hundred in prison under insurgent rule. As our army advanced these prisoners were released, and the Filipinos began to feel that Americans were as friendly to friars as the Spanish of old. The question most anxiously put was, "Will Americans return these friars to their parishes from which we drove them? Are the churches which we reduced to ruins to be rebuilt? Have we suffered for naught"? The reader doubtless would like to ask, "How did the friar get the great political power in the past which he seems to have had"? That is an easily answered question. First, the friar was the most intelligent man in his parish, where there was little effort to make men think, or to encourage education that in this century can be dignified as such. So this wise man, the friar, was superior to the common people. Second, in most parishes

Spain chose the friar to represent the Government, and as soon as church and state have been united, enough seeds of discord have been sown to bring forth a crop of dissatisfaction, rebellion, and injustice. So you are assured by the first steps of investigation that there is good cause for discord.

Probing deeper, one finds still greater sores, and wounds not easily healed without a surgical operation, which we will leave for a later chapter.

The third potent reason for the hatred toward the friar lies in the fact that he, as religious superior, did not hesitate to use his prestige in overawing and controlling the people. When the individual possessed with such power was found to be so capable of double dealing and fraud as the friar proved himself, the contrast between the real individual and the ideal was too wide a gulf to be easily spanned. Hence the disgust and hatred of the people.

We are rejoiced to find in the walled city that our Protestant missionaries have come to stay so long as Old Glory waves its protecting folds above them.

Here on the busiest calle (street) is the Y. M. C. A. building for the Army and Navy Department. Its library, lecture hall, dormitories and recreation rooms are at the disposal of our soldiers and sailors. Upstairs one may see our soldier boys off duty,

reading in the long bamboo chairs, man-fashion, with legs up in the air; in another more secluded room they may be found seated at large tables writing letters on the Y. M. C. A. flag-stamped letter-paper. Dear ones at home are going to hear about the last "hyke," or the fever, or the time spent in hospital. Often the letters are enthusiastic with bright hopes and plans. In the entrance hall the boys congregate and have great fun playing games of various kinds. In the evening they listen to the sweetest strains by "the Stella," the mammoth music box given them by their benefactress, Miss Helen M. Gould. On Saturday evenings lecturers are chosen of ability who discourse on many interesting themes, both instructive and entertaining. Here also are held the weekly Bible classes and literary club discussions. On the Sabbath one may enjoy several fine religious services. So "our boys" who wish to be uplifted have many helpful ways of spending their leisure hours.

What a blessing to our army is this Y. M. C. A. ! Of the fine corps of secretaries many are quite young. Boyish and full of fun, with a ready joke and buoyant manner, they are always ready to meet the lonely, maybe home-sick soldier, and give him a lift on the weary road; for soldiers do get the "blues" badly sometimes.

All over these islands, even where only one or two companies are stationed to protect law-abiding citizens, the Y. M. C. A. has made some provision for the men so far from home and loved ones.

Next door are the American Bible Society officers, with their big signs outside in English, Spanish and Chinese. This is a busy place, for here the business is transacted for the translation of the Bible into the thirty different languages of these islands. This of course is a very laborious work, and must necessarily proceed slowly. At present portions of the New Testament are published and being sold in six of the native languages.

The British and Foreign Bible Society is here. Both societies are sending out colporteurs to the provinces—fine young men with the newly prepared portions of the Scriptures, visiting from house to house. This is the first time in the history of these islands that the Bible, or any portion of it, could with safety be publicly offered in these islands.

The following account of the first Scriptures in native dialects that were distributed in these islands was given to me by Mr. Jackson, who was one of those who distributed the precious books:

“In the early eighties one Father La Lallave, a Spanish Catholic priest who was stationed in the province of Pangasinan, became convinced of the

falsity of the Roman Catholic church. After some time he determined to embrace the Protestant faith, and of course was excommunicated. He returned to Spain and there engaged in translating the four Gospels and Acts into the Pangasinan dialect. These translations were published by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon completion of the first edition, Father La Llave with an assistant returned to Manila, and took up his quarters at Hotel de Oriente. They had been there only a couple of days when both were taken violently ill and showed signs of poisoning. The assistant being a younger man, recovered after a time, but La Llave failed and finally died, killed, it is supposed, at the instigation of a jealous priesthood. The books were never landed, and were returned by the steamship company to Singapore, where they remained until the American occupancy of Manila, August, 1898."

Almost immediately upon the news of the capture becoming known to the world, the British and Foreign Bible Society sent Mr. B. C. Randall, who had a knowledge of Spanish, with these books to Manila, and as soon as the country was opened to traffic by order of the insurgent general, Aguinaldo, Mr. Randall, accompanied by Messrs. Charles A. Glunz and F. A. Jackson, of the Army Young Men's Christian Association, went at once to Dagupan,

the principal city of Pangasinan, and there distributed the Gospels to the people. So eager were they to receive them that the colporteurs had to take refuge in a near-by building and pass the books out through the grated windows to avoid being over-run. By this kindly aid of the insurgent guard every book was at last distributed, and everywhere were eager groups reading the word of God in their own tongue.

The age of persecution, however, is not passed. Only a few months ago, in the southern part of Luzon, where the simple people had not come into contact with the outside world, a young colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society sold the eager people portions of the Testament in large amounts. The Filipino priest, finding it out, ordered the possessors to bring this new book to him, which the trusting people did, when they found their treasure was piled with the three hundred other copies seized, and burned! So we see that some of the spirit of the Dark Ages still lives, and the heart of the Romish church is the same as in the early ages of persecution and darkness.

“The Christian churches of the United States have no more important task before them than to give at once to the people of the Philippine Islands the Living Word of God. Spanish Romanism, in all

its three hundred years of rule in these regions, neither translated the Bible into the languages of the people nor distributed its own versions among them. If we have any right in these islands, we have the high duty of bringing to these naturally favored regions the first essentials of Christian civilization. The spirit of Bible liberty brought our forefathers to American shores, and shaped our Government and institutions. The millions now looking for the first time to the Stars and Stripes for protection can be civilized most thoroughly and most in harmony with our own ideas by the gift of the Bible. Schools, churches, trade, and self-government *follow* its lead."

The hour for the deliverance of these people has come. Even this old walled city of Manila can no longer resist the edict of the Almighty. It is no longer necessary to shut the gates and pull up the draw-bridges at dark. This is the first hour of the dawn of a day when we hope to have a Bible institute and training school for Filipinos, that they may read their Bibles, know their God, and rejoice in religious liberty.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RULE OF ROME.

So many centuries have passed since there has been any visible showing of the ancient methods of the rule of Rome in Europe that we Americans had begun to discredit those stories our grandmothers used to relate to us of the burning of Bibles and of men and women who dared to keep the precious Book. How our Pilgrim Fathers hated everything that savored of Rome! We even blamed our ancestors, and called them narrow and bigoted. The very word "Puritanical" had come to be synonymous with over-zealousness. When, suddenly, by the entrance of our army into Manila, we were brought face to face with realities that caused us to reconsider our conclusions; we were obliged to change our minds. We found the ancient power in full working order!

When Pompeii was unearthed the world found a relic of the past, valuable beyond calculation. There we can study ancient history with renewed zest. We have the very houses, lamps, pictures, and gardens with which to construct a Roman city of the time

of Christ. And who shall say what this coming to the Philippines may mean to us? Who will take a little time to investigate? For we have here unearthed a sample of the ancient Roman Church. We have suddenly come face to face with a very well preserved example of the power which reached its zenith in the Dark Ages. In scarcely any other part of the globe can so complete a study be made of the methods used in the fifteenth century. It is a hoary figure, which has not lost all vitality. Suddenly the fire flashes from it still, reminding us that life is not at such a low ebb, but that it might arouse from its senile inactivity to attempt again to assume temporal power, that the Pope still assures us belongs to him.

How is it that this ancient church has lost its prestige and its power? It is a long story. Libraries containing thousands of volumes should be consulted to investigate fully the painful tale. First came its lapses from the Bible—substituting legends for its holy truths. Saints occupy the place that belongs to Christ alone. Then the church assumed the right to think for the people, and to forbid liberty of conscience. The British Consul a few years ago desired to have a simple religious service for the Englishmen who were doing business in Manila.

The Church of Rome refused to allow this liberty to the British Consul.

A free press, liberty of speech and conscience were not permitted in the Church of Rome of 1600. Neither were they allowed in the Isles of the Philippines before our flag was planted there.

Following the lead of England and America, other nations are fast learning to respect liberty of conscience, and to resent, even with arms, any attempt to restrict it. Spain alone clings to the blood-stained garments of ancient Rome. Even Italy has freed herself from the Church, and the Pope mourns his loss, and says he is a prisoner in his own house. True! Quite true!

Probably not till Christ comes again, as King of Kings and Lord of Lords, will Rome be entirely subdued. In fact, prophecy states, "The mystery of iniquity remains—whom the Lord shall consume with the brightness of His coming."

The policy of Spain, however, has been unchanged during these ages of history, throughout which she has unfailingly put "The Church" to the front. Spain, the country which has lost more colonies and area than any other nation has ever won, has sacrificed all to the wonderful loyalty she has unswervingly shown to the Church of Rome. In these days of Spain's decline, even in the mother country,

the people are beginning to revolt against Friars. Poor Spain! Hunted by her own religious fathers to the altars in the sacred temples of the home!

That the United States has been used by the hand of God to free so many Spanish colonies from these burdens imposed by Spain and the Church is now, we are thankful to say, a matter of history. But are we correct? Has Rome really been so absolute and relentless here? Guardedly we search records and reports of authorities which must be trusted. The United States Civil Commission, which was appealed to by Archbishop Chappelle to decide what should be done about the Friars, says: "The participation of the Friars in the affairs of the Filipino Parish, Provincial and Insular Government was more effective to secure entire control of the political situation than if the priests had been merely secular officers, and not bound together by the close association of monastic orders. The truth is that the whole government of Spain in these islands rested on the Friars. To use the words of the Provincial of the Augustins, 'The Friars were the pedestal or foundation of the sovereignty of Spain in those islands, which, if removed, the whole structure would tumble over.' The number of Spanish troops in these islands did not exceed five thousand until the revolution. The tenure of office of the Friar-

curate was permanent. Once settled in a parish, a priest usually remained until superannuated. He was, therefore, a constant political factor. The same was true of Bishops and Archbishops. The military and civil offices were generally for four years or a shorter period. The Friars, priests and bishops constituted a solid, powerful, permanent and well organized force that dominated politics. Anyone who attempted to pursue a course at variance with that deemed wise by these ecclesiastics was overpowered by the well organized priesthood and Friars.

Besides all this ecclesiastical and political power that was so masterfully wielded, we find, by research, that these monastic orders possessed the prestige that comes from great wealth.

Reverend James B. Rodgers, of Manila, was asked to investigate this matter as to the wealth and landed interests of the Romish Church here. He spent some months in research. The results he gave to the New York press, and his statements are quoted as correct. Here are a few notes from his paper: "The Romish Church is the wealthiest corporation in the islands. In many cases it has been customary for all good Filipinos to leave one-third of their property to the Church. A regular office force is kept to manage this business, which is prac-

tically a banking business. There is also a list of masses paid for during the year. The income from this source alone for 1893 was \$83,340.71. If the Church was more for the people; if the people felt that they were the Church, and that, therefore, all that was the Church's was theirs, they would be content. But they know that the Church is the Friars. The Friars are Spanish, and their departure for Spain means the departure of its wealth also. Hence the friction."

Much of the money given the churches, especially legacies, has been extorted under fear of purgatory.

The land question is one of the most difficult to solve. The abuses in regard to the land laws of the country have been among the chief causes of complaint in the past. There are two distinct sides to the land question—the large landed estates of the Church and the Church properties. The Church is one of the largest land-holders. The Church, of course, owns the schoolhouses and church buildings, and the landed estates of the Church in the country near Manila and in the interior provinces are immense. These estates were acquired in various ways. Many were received as gifts from devotees or from the States, others by purchase, or by fraud. The income from the large tobacco, sugar, and hemp

estates is used for the support of seminaries, schools and ecclesiastical Spanish orders. Thus these religious orders are exceedingly wealthy. The Dominican order alone has 140,000 acres of land under cultivation very near Manila. Many estates include good-sized towns and villages and plantations. Other orders have immense estates.

The Friars of various orders also have money invested with commercial firms in the city. When the taking of Manila by our American army was imminent there was a sudden flurry among the Friars, for they feared confiscation of personal property. Therefore, to make more secure their immense investments, they hurriedly made a show of sale to English firms, because Englishmen's rights would be more likely to be recognized, and their institutions were more secure. There are now in Manila these English firms, who are simply agents for the Friars, which, of course, is perfectly legitimate, but proves the facts we give. The ownership of this immense amount of personal property is, of course, inconsistent with the oaths of poverty and self-abnegation these same Friars made years ago.

While a very great part of these islands is owned by the Church, there are also some private families who are large land owners. Thus the land is practically divided between immense trusts, and in con-

sequence the large land owners hold the balance of power. It is a most difficult problem our American authorities have to settle—to give the people of the soil their lands and still respect those who have unlawfully had them in possession, in many cases, over a hundred years. There were many tricks by which land was gotten from the people. One plan was to request from all the farmers a small annual contribution toward the building of a church, or for its support. This was readily given. A receipt was given in Spanish for the money or produce, as the case might be. Soon this was demanded as a right instead of a request for a gift, and at last the claim was advanced that these contributions were really the annual rental for the land they occupied, and therefore the Church or order owned the property. Another way in which the people of the soil lost their lands was that they were unwilling to register their lands.

Some forty years ago the confusion in this matter as to rightful owners of lands was so great that the Spanish Government issued an order for all who had had one year's possession of their lands undisputed to come forward at once and register their lands. The careless and ignorant ones paid no attention to this, while the unprincipled and sharper ones took this opportunity to register their own as

well as their neighbor's, whose land they quietly found out was not registered. So they put them under their own name. Thus the land grabbers quietly rested till years rolled by before they openly laid claim to the fraudulently gotten land; for they knew the farmers have a great horror of going to law. These farmers have too often seen their neighbors reduced to abject poverty by attempting to verify their rights; and, above all things, if it was a case of going to law with the Church, they were sure to bring ruin on their families by such impolitic and dangerous measures.

The Friars were exempt from trials for offenses, except the most heinous, in the ordinary civil courts under Spanish rule. In fact, they must have a hearing in the ecclesiastical court first before any ordinary court can touch them. It was a matter quite easily managed to set all claim of the Friars' guilt aside, if the matter involved the Church's greed, thus favoring the Church above the people of the soil.

So these simple people have endured for centuries the setting aside of their rights. It has always been the powerful against the weak; the clergy against the common people. Of late, some more intelligent than the rest, by education and travel, have found out that all the world is not so oppressed; that in most

parts of Europe, and in the far away great Republic of America, the poorest have their rights respected. Then these Filipinos rebelled in earnest against a government that upheld the Friars in screwing down the levers of ecclesiastical claims, that unrighteously had stripped them of homes and property. Thus the rebellion against Spain took definite shape in 1896.

We have said that in all instances where her colonies were questioning the actions of the Church, Spain, still loyal to Rome, has unswervingly gone on putting the Church to the front. The latter, in consequence, having intimate knoweldge of the internal state of all political affairs, has firmly led on the Spanish Government in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and here in the Philippine Islands, to turn a deaf ear to the cries of an oppressed people, until their wrongs have reached the heavens, and God, with mighty powers, has wrested these colonies of Spain from her injustice and cruelty.

During these centuries of absolute control in a corner of the earth, as it were, quite aloof from observation, the ecclesiastical orders, isolated from native land and removed from observation of enlightened peoples, have fallen into depths of immorality. The confessional, no doubt, brought them into many an unlawful intimacy. The Filipino people, as a whole, are remarkably chaste and true to

their marriage vows. Even when marriage has been denied them, still a man and woman who have vowed mutual fidelity have lived up to the oath thus simply made. The revelations in all countries of the questionable character of the private life of Romish ecclesiastics has been proverbial, and holds true here; for there are now all over these islands families who owe their birth to the Friar, who unlawfully lived with the woman that the Church would never consent to his marrying. In such cases it is not counted any shame to the woman to be the mistress of the Priest or Friar. In fact, she is very proud to tell you who the father of her children is, and her simple village friends do not think any the less of her, for is not the Friar the highest official of the land? It is our fortune to know well one such woman in Manila. She found the young Friar in the confessional. They fell in love with each other, and lived for years as man and wife, but of course without any marriage. In the time when insurrection was rife in the land, and this young Friar sympathized a little too freely with the oppressed Filipinos, Rome saw fit to call the young Friar home. He went, leaving the young Spanish mestizo girl in Manila. The Church has always paid her bills, and she still received loving letters from her lover (the young Friar), who will probably be

detained in Europe indefinitely. If she attempted to follow him the Church would refuse her further support. If they were to be secretly married, of course the Friar would be excommunicated. So these unfortunate lovers must leave the Church of Rome if they wish to be husband and wife. The prospects are that they will accomplish their desire, and live true lives outside of the religious order, which they see is so false.

Since the arrival of American missionaries in these isles they have been besieged from early morn till late evening with Filipino couples who want to be married; for they soon learn that the laws of the United States recognized the marriage certificate of this non-Roman clergy. For a small sum, or for no money if they are poor, the friendly American missionary makes them husband and wife. It has been very pathetic, for in many cases they have already lived together for years, till large families have been born to them as time went by, and in some cases the older children are sixteen and seventeen years of age. Why were not these men and women married years ago? On close inquiry we find that there were obstacles to be surmounted that were too high to be scaled. Perhaps they had failed to go to the confessional for some time, and thus the fees due the priest had not reached him. Then,

when questioned, the priest put the marriage fee so high they had no way to pay him. They needed to receive absolution before the priest could marry them, and that would require a fee, too. Altogether, the money required to get married was entirely beyond their ability to pay. So they made solemn vows to one another, and God saw and did not curse them; another little "nipa shack" was built, and another simple home begun! All over these islands are thousands of law-abiding citizens who are thus unlawfully living together, all because the grasping Church was not willing to do its duty toward the people unless it received a big fee for such services of obligation.

These chapters in Filipino history have not yet been written. We do not yet know the dialects of the people well enough to be able to give the inner depths. Heart histories will be written later; but we have already told more than is necessary to show why these people could not longer endure the rule of Rome and why they became insurrectos against Spain. Why they later became insurrectos against the United States also is explained by the fact that the Filipinos could not distinguish between Spanish misrule and the promise of a government for the people of the soil.

This rule of Rome that has caused Spain to lose

these islands is a twentieth century exposure of what the Romish Church has always been at heart, for she boasts that she is unchanging and will remain so to the end.

CHAPTER V.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

Like the people of Europe, who in the sixteenth century, protested against the abuses of the Church of Rome, these people of the Philippine Islands can descriptively be termed "Protestants."

Like Luther, they are loath to leave the Church of their fathers; also like Luther, the more intelligent and leading Filipinos are eagerly claiming the authority of the Bible to be supreme. The comparison does not, however, hold good in all its details, for the reason that the Bible was not so completely suppressed in Europe, especially in England, in those early sixteenth century days, as it was in the Philippine Islands up to the moment that Old Glory floated for the first time over the archipelago.

Never before had it been possible to intelligently choose the Bible as their guide. As a prominent Filipino leader expressed it, "Who would not be a Roman Catholic, a Mohammedan or a Buddhist, if that was the only religion he knew, and was literally forced to accept at the point of the sword? When

a word spoken against Pope or Church meant certain loss and imprisonment, possibly deportation, it was natural that all should conform, outwardly, at least, to the Church."

Now that this powerful hand of Rome was removed, it was interesting to visit the provinces, where we could more completely study the Filipino in his home.

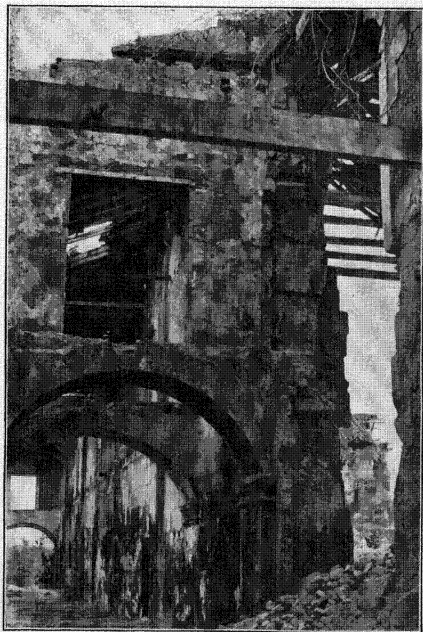
Scarcely had firing ceased in the Province of Pampanga when our lamented Mr. Leonard P. Davidson began making tours through the towns and villages of that most productive and interesting territory. Less than a month later it was thought possible for Mr. Davidson to take others with him to assist in preaching and in music.

We took the Dagupan and Manila railroad for sixty miles, then took carromatos (small carriages) to penetrate the interior. It was a wonderful experience, learning to understand the people, holding large meetings in cock-pits, theaters of rude bamboo construction, or in town halls, buildings of better and more modern style. More frequently in the afternoon the largest gatherings were in the open air, while in the evenings we had smaller meetings in their quaint "nipa shacks."

This whole province had for some time been the center of a terrible insurrection. The larger build-

ings and churches were roofless; most places they were complete ruins. All this destruction of ancient churches had been the work of Filipinos. These ruined edifices were a forcible illustration of the hatred these people had towards the "Frailes"; the demolished buildings, the chaos of stone and mortar and the shattered windows are mute but eloquent in expressing the cause of all this devastation. Not a Fraile (Friar) was to be found in these inland towns or barrios; the hatred of the people of the soil made their stay here impossible. What is to be the result? This is a deeply religious people; full of emotion and desire to express it in religious services. How important that they be guided to a faith in a simple hearted worship, with an open Bible to help them understand God! We are thankful that our Government has held itself entirely aloof from all religious parties in carrying out the principles of our Constitution. Church and State are entirely separate; liberty of conscience the grand cornerstone, which nothing may move a jot from the place given it by the Puritan statesmen who planned so wisely and so well. All this we realized to be essential.

These Filipinos, however, have had no past to help them to understand these fundamental truths, and therefore have not understood the Americans.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF A ROMISH CHURCH WHICH
WAS DESTROYED BY FILIPINOS.

Because our Government refused to drive out the Friars they believed us to be, like Spain, hand and glove with the Romish Church. They concluded that, in accepting American sovereignty, they were simply taking again the yoke of Rome. So they stood firm in resisting such authority, which, they believed, would but repeat the weary story of the past hundreds of years.

The amazement shown by these Filipinos was most interesting when they learned that, while "El gobierno" (the Government) refused to drive out the Spanish Priests (Friars), it would still uphold the people of the soil in building their own houses of worship and in worshiping in any church of their choice. "That no irate Priest could ever again drive them to the confessional or to mass, *unless they chose to go*; and that the Government will give them municipal cemeteries in which to bury their dead when the Romish Church refuses a burial. Had it been possible to explain all this to the people, there is no doubt that the American-Filipino war would have been avoided."* It was not until the more intelligent Filipinos came to comprehend this that the Federal party was formed. This party sprung from the better class of Filipinos, and its mission is

*Rev. L. P. Davidson.

to explain to the people of the soil what the United States intends doing for these islands.

The leaders of the Federal party are men of superior intelligence, many having spent years in travel and study abroad, and they are well fitted to be the fathers of such a movement. Their countrymen rally about them more readily than they would about a foreigner. It is because these more enlightened Filipinos have gained the ear of the people that it was possible for us to come on this tour of investigation and teaching. We realized at every turn that we were on probation, although distrust was rapidly melting away under the accumulating evidence of the beneficent intentions of our Government. "Old Glory" was getting the upper hand, and floated protectingly above us.

A few prominent men of the town of Mexico invited us to drive over for a public meeting. Oh! such a beautiful drive it was—past streams overhanging with palms and bamboos! It was almost a continuous village all the way, nipa huts lining the road; great quantities of sugar and tobacco are raised here. Everyone produces his own maize (Indian corn), as well as rice and cocoa, pineapples, mangoes, breadfruit, custard apples, pomegranates, bananas, and an abundance of vegetables of all sorts. We found the cock-pit was to be the

place of meeting; it was made of palm and bamboo, and was a large building which would hold about twelve hundred people. In the place of the usual cock-fight we unfolded our American organ. The place was soon filled with all sorts of Filipino people; they were so eager to get a close view of us American ladies that as soon as I began playing the organ I found myself quite shut in by the crowd. We distributed hymns on leaflets, each one receiving a copy, which they afterwards took to their homes. We taught them such hymns as "Come to the Savior, make no delay," and "Pass me not, O, gentle Savior." They are passionately fond of music, and they sang with a will, and seemed to read easily. Our missionaries had prayers in Spanish; also reading of the Bible, and both spoke at length. The interest was intense, not one moving from his place; it was a time of seed-sowing, and many broke into the discourse to ask questions, or to supply a Spanish word if our speakers halted for an instant; also, when the Pampangan interpreters were in the least at fault in rendering the Spanish into Pampangan, the more intelligent were very eager to supply the proper word. Nods of approval, especially from the more intelligent, were exceedingly encouraging.

After the discourse the questions they asked were

interesting indeed, showing how they were drinking it all in and longing for the Gospel which we were so joyfully bearing to them; then they lingered to speak to us, wishing to take us by the hand and receive a word of friendly greeting, while many bought the Bibles and Testaments which we offered them, and eagerly took the tracts which we freely gave away. The Alcalde, or head man of the town, was most pronounced in his approval of our coming, and sat in a prominent place, not leaving us, but following to the house of the young man who had invited us to dinner. Here we were well entertained. The table was very neatly spread, various viands were brought on in courses. There was chicken cooked in different ways, as well as soup, fish, salads, olives, and fruits of many kinds, the menu being completed by the addition of native confectionery and coffee.

When we had retired to the front room, cigars, cigarettes and betel-nut were brought. Women smoke here quite as much as men; they were troubled that none of us took cigars, and so more fruit was pressed upon us. Before we left we had prayer and promised soon to meet again.

Then we were conducted to a most interesting old Filipino home. It was built after the old Spanish style, and had been in this Filipino family for ninety years, having descended from father to son.

There were grand stair-cases, broad, elegant salas, all of beautiful hardwood, exactly like mahogany, which was magnificently carved; the floors had always been kept polished, there was no paint anywhere. There were ancestral portraits on the walls. We asked how it was that this house had escaped destruction. They replied, "By always offering our home to the army in power." In turn, the generals of the insurrectos, and, later, the generals of the American Army occupied this house; General Grant, of our army, had lived here for some months. So the beautiful home had escaped destruction. The ladies of this home were entitled to the term "ladies," having the true instincts of grace and dignity. One accompanied us on to the next house where we were asked to call. Here we found quite a different state of affairs. This, also, was a beautiful old home, but evidently had suffered much rude treatment from the different armies. A large family was here of five sons and five daughters; the mother a good type of a Filipino woman; the father was then a prisoner of war held by our army; and the oldest son had also been a prisoner, but had lately been pardoned through the influence of some of our officers. While in prison, a private soldier of our army, who was an earnest Christian, and who spoke some Spanish, had taken compassion on the young man,

and had often talked to him about the Protestant religion and the Bible. He had thus been the means of conversion of this young Filipino. As soon as he returned home he began at once teaching his brothers and sisters, who had eagerly listened, the consequences being that here was an entire family already Protestant Christian and ready for more light. The next to the oldest son had read the entire Bible through since his brother's return from prison in October, 1900, four months previous. Who among us, in America, ever read the entire Bible through in four months? The young fellow must have read night and day to accomplish it, and his appearance betrayed it. When I referred to Old Testament stories he could go before me. I could scarcely keep the tears back as I talked with him, and his longing for more gave me much joy. He was quite a musician, and was learning our Moody and Sankey hymns from a book bought in Manila, and they were all feasting on the words and tunes so new to them. It was with intense delight that we played over such tunes. "The fellowship of kindred minds is like to that above." We invited these newly found friends also to come to Manila.

"What hath God wrought?" was the language of our thankful hearts. Before we left that town we had many more proofs of what the simple, earnest

work of one Christian soldier can do; he was a simple private, but he had turned the whole town Godward. The distribution of the Bible was his strong point.

While insurrecto fires were still burning, as fast as a province had taken the oath of allegiance our Government had established public schools, where English and the history of the United States are taught, besides the ordinary elementary studies and music. The children are most enthusiastic over "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "The Red, White and Blue." They are bound to outdo us old Americans in their enthusiasm on having become American citizens. That is only a matter of a few years. *If our Government lives up to the Constitution our flag represents*, these people, so long *abused*, will bask in the sunshine of secure and just government.

It is difficult for us to realize all that has gone before to prepare these people so eagerly to embrace the truth we have to offer. For generations thoughtful, true souls longed, with despair in their desire, for religious liberty, of which they had some faint ideas. A full knowledge of such matters was not possible to most of the people. There was no free press, and no books allowed to be circulated that gave such information. Now and then a traveler told of countries in Europe and that great Republic

of America, where the poor had their rights respected, and people were free to worship God as their consciences dictated.

A noted example of an intelligent and patriotic Filipino was Dr. José Reizal, so dear to the hearts of his countrymen. Dr. Reizal was a true reformer, who had his eyes opened to what was possible in more favored countries by his residence in Europe, where he had spent some years taking his medical education. He was a Roman Catholic, but sought to save his country from the Spanish Friars. He realized that no true government could exist here without first expelling the Friars. His was a highly sensitive nature (a true Filipino), possessing many brilliant qualities. After seeing for himself the difference between the people of Europe and his own oppressed land, he wrote at different times two novels that were "an expose of the arrogance, the immorality and despotism of the Friars in their relations with the natives." The English translation of his first novel is called "Friars and Filipinos." The second was "El Filibusterismo." The first can be bought in America. It gives an excellent picture of the period and of Reizal himself in the character "Ibarra." This exposure caused him to be charged with high treason. All copies of these novels to be found in Manila were seized and burned

in a public square by the infuriated Priests. He did not dare return to his native land; but in his exile he became the idol of his people. The name "Reizal" was enough to raise their hopes to the highest pitch.

This love and reverence of his countrymen were recognized as most dangerous to the Church. The Priests were determined to have his blood. To accomplish his arrest, fair promises were made, and he returned to Manila. It is a long and sad history, which exposes most completely the false church and government. The promises for his personal safety and liberty were not fulfilled when he returned to his native land. He was enticed from his exile to prison, and there were repeated failures of promises. The rise of the people in 1896 was said to be due to his seditious teachings, although no charges against him could be proved. What did it matter? The Priests had demanded his life, and Spain was too helpless to refuse the demand.

He who longed for the highest and best for his country was led from his prison on December 30th, 1896; at 6 o'clock in the morning. On the Luneta, in the presence of over two thousand of his countrymen and representatives of Rome, he kneeled, with his face to the sea, and was shot by Spanish soldiers. The crowd had witnessed in awed silence this sacri-

rice to priestcraft. The Friars rejoiced over the end as they thought of the influence of that bright intellect. They had not studied past history, which was repeating itself! They had sown the wind, and what they reaped was the whirlwind!

This story of Reizal is only an intensification of many others who for love of religious liberty and a pure government were exiled, imprisoned or killed.

The list of those who were imprisoned for a lifetime or were sent in chains to desolate islands would be a long and dreary record. Several prominent Filipino gentlemen are my informants. I will give but a few of this roll of martyrs, who were wealthy and the brightest intellects among their countrymen:

Don Augustin del la Rosa,	Don Paulus Zamora,
Don Felipe Buencamino,	Don Florentine Torres,
Don Cayetano Arrellano,	Don T. Pardo de Tavera,
Don Luis R. Yangco,	Don Tomas Del Rosario,
Don Pedro Roxas,	Don Martin de Ocampo,
Don Dorotes Jose,	Don Ambrosio Flores,
Don Mariano Lunijap,	Don Telesfaro Chindian,
Don Manuel Roxas,	Don Manuel Xeres Burgos.

The above men survived the severe treatment. The following are the names of those who died in

prison or were shot not long before our army arrived in Manila:

Don Domingo Franco,	Don Francisco Roxas,
Don Domingo Abella,	Don Manuel Abella,
Don Lareinzo Lerina,	Don Maximus Tuicencio,
Don Jose Osaris,	Don Mumercano Adriano.

One of my informants remarked: "I could continue for hours writing for you this list."

CHAPTER VI.

THE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT OF THE FEDERAL PARTY OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Early in February, 1901, the more advanced and influential Filipinos of Manila and suburbs banded themselves together as leaders for the masses of their countrymen, to influence them to lay down their arms and accept the sovereignty of the United States.

From these leaders of the Federal party went the message of our Government that our Constitution requires the Government to remain neutral on all religious questions. Liberty of conscience is such a long step ahead of Filipino experiences of the past that they can scarcely comprehend it. That they need no longer bow to the Church of Rome they cannot believe. As proof of this a section of the Federal party began to hold evangelical religious services, to which the wondering Filipinos crowded, scarcely being able to credit their senses. The news of these mighty movements among the people spread rapidly.

On the first Sunday in February the leaders of this advanced religious movement held a mass meeting in the Theater Reizal in Manila. The place was crowded and the interest was intense. Senor Buencamino and others of the Federal party led the people to express themselves definitely as to their readiness to leave the Church of Rome. The silent interest of the great audience was intense. But they awoke to loud enthusiasm when Senor Buencamino asked if they intended longer to submit to the Pope, Chappelle and the Friars. Each question was answered by thunders of "No! No!" The leader went on to speak of the horrors of the Spanish revolution of 1868, in which thousands of their countrymen lost their lives fighting for their rights. He said the Government was ruled entirely by Priests. Altar and throne were combined. King and Priests formed a brotherhood. The will of the people was not consulted, and he urged the substitution of Filipino clericals for the Friars. When he asked if this was not right the audience arose and shouted approval. As in the days of Luther, these people are loath to leave the Church of their fathers; but, like Luther, they discover that no reform is possible; the radical move must be to leave Rome.

Following Senor Buencamino our Presbyterian

missionary, Rev. James B. Rodgers, arose and in fluent Spanish rapidly outlined to that great mass meeting the central truths of evangelical Christianity, which requires no change in politics, but is pre-eminently a movement for a personal knowledge of Christ. It is not anti-Catholic or anti-Friar, but is a positive movement of people who are *tired of mediation* and who seek a *personal knowledge* of God.

The attention of the entire mass meeting was intense, and a sharp turn was made for the highest knowledge that God is sure to own and guide.

The reader will doubtless be shocked to know that in their warm-hearted enthusiasm these Filipinos felt bound to entertain the American leaders on the stage, and ordered brought into the theater by a side door a keg of "ice-cold beer!"—just such as they see advertised on every side, which the mass of Americans seem always to be imbibing! Before the missionaries were aware of what was going on the "ice-cold beer" was passed! The Filipinos thought it proper, and took their share, of course. Our missionaries were too astonished to keep back a broad smile, though they refused the proffered glass. Doubtless these same Filipino gentlemen had often drunk with the Priests and Friars, and why not now!



SENOR AGUSTIN DE LA ROSA AND HIS FAMILY.

Immediately following the radical expressions of the leaders of the Federal party a movement was begun to send members of their party to distant provinces and islands to influence insurrectos everywhere to lay down arms. Washington's birthday and the definite declaration of the Federal party occurred about the same time, and the demonstrations celebrating the former settled the matter for many who were inclined to demur. The remarkable proceedings of that day are related in the following chapter.

At one of the earlier meetings of the Federal party an ardent Filipino, Augustin de la Rosa, made a speech that expresses the opinion of many of the best of these people. The history of Augustin de la Rosa is a good illustration of the experience of many enlightened Filipinos who for years had longed to free their country from Spanish rule.

Augustin de la Rosa was Presidente of Barrios, in the suburbs of Manila. In 1896, when the Filipino revolution was imminent, the Spanish thought to subdue the country by putting in prison the more intelligent and progressive men among the Filipinos. With several others, Senor de la Rosa was imprisoned in Santiago—the grim Spanish prison of old Manila. Shut off from all communication with the outside world, he did not know the prog-

ress of events until, with others, he was released a year later. They were offered their liberty if they would leave the islands, and they then learned that the revolution had been going on ever since their imprisonment. With a colony of those who could never accept Spanish rule, they started for Hongkong, China, where they proposed to invest their money and start life anew. This, however, did little to stop the progress of the revolution. Meanwhile Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay, American sovereignty was proclaimed in Cavite, and the deported Filipinos returned from Hongkong to Cavite.

Aguinaldo sent especially for Augustin, who, on arriving at Cavite, was put in prison by Aguinaldo, where he stayed several months. Later, when the American army advanced into Luzon, Augustin was set free by the Americans. A short time after, however, he was again imprisoned by the American Military Governor. This imprisonment lasted two weeks only. Augustin, having satisfied himself that the Americans were true men who lived up to their promises, ardently espoused their cause. When our missionaries reached Manila, Augustin was ready to assist them. He had suffered long, and was eager for peace and for God. The Husbandman had been preparing the soil for the seed to take root

in his heart. He accepted Christ, and is a leader in the new Protestant Church. Senor Augustin was also one of the charter members of the Federal party.

Following the earlier expressions of Federal leaders, Filipino women also came forward to use their influence for peace, and "The Woman's Peace League" of Manila was formed, being composed of American and Filipino ladies, Mrs. Judge Taft being chosen with Constancia Poblete to lead their respective followers among American and Filipino women. Mrs. James B. Rodgers, however, has borne the burden and heat of the day, having with a faithful few stood at her post of service with never a backward glance.

It would be difficult to say how much influence the Woman's Peace League has had in bringing about the much desired end. Soon after the celebration of Washington's birthday General MacArthur received an urgent request from the Filipino women of the Peace League to grant them passes that they might send a party of Filipino ladies to entreat the insurrecto General Trias to give up the war. Their request was granted; and a letter was sent by them to the General offering liberal terms. If he would surrender unconditionally he should have thirty pesos for every gun, and for every gun

surrendered a political prisoner should be granted release. Further, he should name the prisoners who would thus be released.

When the time of starting came and the Filipino women, many of whom had never been out of Manila in their lives, faced the possibilities of hardship and danger of this journey to the mountains, many grew faint at heart and urged that a man be chosen to represent them by carrying letters (personal) from them to the General they desired to reach. This plan was adopted, and the man was sent. The answer he got from the General was dubious. He said: "I will see what I will do. If the women will come, I will possibly listen to them." So the man was obliged to return unsuccessful. The women did not know what action to take. This time a smaller number was chosen, and they started, going first to Cavite by boat, at which point they would have to take country carriages to the mountains. Meanwhile the insurgent General repented of his ungallant answer, and decided to start off at once to surrender, and, if possible, meet the ladies, thus preventing the long and dangerous journey to his mountainous rendezvous. Of course he must send messengers ahead. The white flag must be hoisted and messages of peace must be sent in advance to the American General, who lay in his way.

This he did, meeting our American officers, who advanced with their army to take his sword. The ladies did not know that they were to be met more than half way by the insurrecto general. It was a time of rejoicing and happy surprises. The ladies were entertained by the Americans and the insurrectos alike. No longer insurrectos, the dark-skinned soldiers mingled in a happy "reunion" with the Americans, as the Spanish are pleased to call meetings.

General Trias assured the ladies that their letters had been the powerful factor in making them yield. The rebels would yield to women, but not to men!

This was considered the most telling surrender that had yet been made; for this man, General Trias, had the confidence of all the Filipinos.

General Trias gave his sword to the American General, but his belt and daggers he surrendered to the women of "La Liga Feminina," who came beseeching him to lay down his arms. These daggers, which are with us, are very beautiful specimens, their ivory handles being elaborately ornamented with gold. We rejoiced, for we saw the sun through the clouds and the storm had passed its crisis.

The last and greatest insurrecto, General Aguinaldo, still refused to listen to all messages urging

his surrender, when General Funston, by well-laid plans, surprised and captured the leader and brought him to Manila, all of which, however, has become historic. The Federal party leaders have felt much chagrined that Aguinaldo should thus have ended his career. An English lady and myself called to see Aguinaldo in the little house granted him near General MacArthur's bungalow. As we rode down the beautiful avenue my friend said: "What an enormous amount of faith it must take for these Filipinos to be as cheerful as they are in accepting American rule, after the stories with which the Spanish Priests have been filling their ears of the terrible way you Americans treated the American Indians; how those people to whom America belonged were cheated out of their lands, and driven back, from mountain to mountain, and river to river, till now there is only a handful of them left to represent the great tribes that roamed those wilds. It was no wonder that Aguinaldo found an eager following when he proposed to withstand American sovereignty! For the Priests assured the Filipinos that a like fate awaited them, and why not die bravely fighting such a foe, for surely extermination would soon follow if they gave up to such a power."

At the entrance of the grounds where the distinguished captive is guarded we found armed American soldiers, who challenged our entrance. We explained that we had been giving the Scriptures to all political prisoners in Manila, and that we wished then to present a Bible to Aguinaldo. After some delay we were allowed to enter.

We found the insurrecto chief a genuine Filipino in appearance. He comes from well educated parentage. His career has been a sad one, and has left its impress on his face. We chatted pleasantly of many things. I asked him if he was interested in the movements of the Filipino Federal party, especially that branch holding large meetings in the Theater Reizal. He replied that he had heard of the meetings, but did not know what the results would be. He ended by saying: "Veremos por los hechos" (literal translation, "We will see by the works"). "By their works ye shall know them."

Evidently we are still on probation, but our Infalible Leader will not allow us to be made ashamed. The works will be proved by the blessings following. What a grand beginning is now being made. When we presented a Spanish Bible to Aguinaldo and the Gospels in Tagalog, my friend, who speaks Spanish fluently, said: "You know that whoever reads this book, and *has faith in its wonderful*

words, can never end in being a slave!" His sad face was radiant as he thanked us over and over for the treasures, and he assured us that he would begin reading at once.

The unassuming personality of this noted Filipino, his quiet exterior and mental qualities, made him an acknowledged leader. He took the oath of allegiance to the United States at an early date, and is using his influence to bring his followers to take the same step.

CHAPTER VII.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—1901 AN ERA IN FILIPINO HISTORY.

The American banners were floating over Cavite and Manila and many towns and barrios of the interior provinces. President McKinley was again to fill the highest position of the great Republic. Filipinos realized it to be a settled fact that the Stars and Stripes have come to these islands to stay. Although insurrecto camps were still in the mountains, from which raids were frequently made on our soldier boys in the plains below, the thinking Filipinos were getting acquainted with us, and had become convinced of the beneficent intents of our Government, having organized "El Partido Federal," of which we have already spoken.

All over the provinces, in town and barrios, school children for weeks had been preparing for a grand fiesta. It is quite in their line to indulge in fiestas. This was to be an "Americana Fiesta," for it was the birthday of the Father of the great Republic. The soldiers on guard said that everyone must put out the American flag, and "Old Glory" is very pop-

ular. Some ingeniously sewed the stripes of doubtful hues of purple and white, frequently with the blue field of stars in the lower and wrong corner, or possibly the stars are in a crimson field. No matter, it is a flag, the best that can be made. When even such attempts are impossible, we see in front of tiny nipa shacks a white emblem. That is good! The flag of peace! On inspection we find it is a "Pina Panuelo" (woman's neckerchief). So all the shacks are provided with flags, and the school children have invited everyone, great and small, to come to "La Fiesta Americana."

The Colonel of the regiment and his staff sit in state, while the school children are seated before the American officials. Parents and friends of the school sit in every available nook, and the improvised hall, which is none other than the school house, is packed. A Filipino orchestra in the veranda discourses sweet music, and everyone is in holiday attire. The American schoolmaster has been hard pushed to bring things to this satisfactory climax. One after another the little ones come bowing or courtesying up to the Colonel, and speak their little pieces in Spanish, which is promptly praised by the vigorous clapping of hands. Now come the larger boys and girls with their more

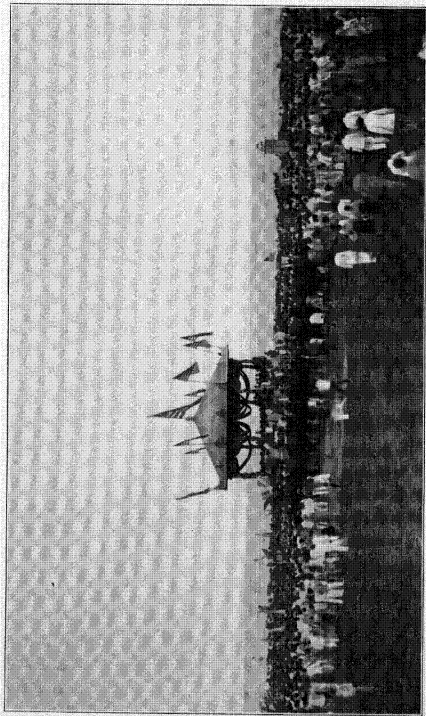
elaborate attempts. Many are in English, and relate to Washington's birthday.

One boy says: "I come to you representing the 'coming Filipino,' who rejoices with you to-day that Washington lived. *We will not mourn the broken past.* With the American Government as our best friend, and God above us our Father, we shall make each difficulty we surmount a stepping-stone to help us reach our goal." Praise God for the "Coming Filipino!" After all have sung or spoken their "pieces," the prominent Filipino men come forward to eulogize our great patriot. In English, well enunciated, the Alcalde (head man of the town) says: "Washington is not dead, but lives to-day in the principles of liberty of the great Republic, whose father he was. Let us not speak of an American people and a Filipino people; but let us all claim the high privilege of being alike citizens of the great American Republic." We looked into their dark faces and praised God for the light shining through the clouds!"

In Manila there were most elaborate demonstrations. *The Manila Times* says: "The demonstration by the Federal party on the Luneta in honor of Washington's birthday is an event that must go down in the history of these islands. It marked the beginning of a new epoch in that history. Never

perhaps has so great a crowd assembled on this spot—this spot where Reizal and many others were sacrificed for the very principles Washington represented.”

The sea of human faces stretched away and away. The air was filled with the music of a dozen bands. Different divisions of the Federal party came from every district of the city to meet on the Luneta—from Tondo, Binondo, Trozo, Malate, Pasay, Ermita, Santa Ana, San Felipe, Sampaloc, and many others arrived from different points, each party with bands and flags and transparencies. Americans were in evidence, but the mass of the people were Filipinos. The Military and Civil Commission were prominent. Dr. Pedro de Taverro opened the ceremonies. After some preliminary remarks he said: “The Federal party desires to make a public manifestation of its existence to-day. Certainly no more fitting opportunity could be found on which to declare to Americans and Filipinos our political existence than this day commemorating Washington’s birth. The glorious figure of Washington does not call to mind a triumphant conqueror, nor an omnipotent sovereign; but rather that of a man who *was and always will be great—the type of the American people*. By his justice, honesty, and all the other virtues, the citizens of the United States



THE MEETING OF THE FILIPINOS ON THE LUNETA WHERE REIZAL WAS SHOT.
THIS MEETING IN THE HONOR OF WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

have formed their beautiful Constitution. *A people who venerates as its hero this kind of a man cannot plant its sovereignty in any part of the world with the object to dominate, but only to fulfill its historic mission of extending among men the blessings of liberty.*

“We are conscious that in acknowledging American sovereignty, we do not perform a servile act. Gentlemen! this name of Washington that represents so much that is noble has up to this present time been little known in the Philippine Islands.”

To this remarkable speech General Wright of the American Civil Service Commission responded at length. In brief General Wright said: “The pre-eminence of Washington was not due to his being a great soldier, nor to his skill as a diplomat. The armies he commanded were poorly equipped; the battles he fought were few; the diplomacy he used was learned in the hard school of experience. But he had a robust common sense; an unfaltering resolution which disaster could not daunt; also, that dignity and majesty of presence which all acknowledged. The greatest reason of his power, however, was his grand moral character, his love of justice, his reverence for law, and above all, *his regard for the rights of all men!* which lifted him high above

all other leaders. He lived in that pure atmosphere!"

Space forbids the record of other thrilling speeches that referred to the gradual growth of the American people, for 1776 was not their birthday. They had been slowly growing to be a people for two hundred years. The people had been in training in the severest school. Living in a wilderness neglected by the kings and the parliament of England, they had developed into strong men. In 1776, they had matured, and were equal to forming a constitution and of supporting it. There was a long list of shining names; "There were giants in those days"; but Washington stood head and shoulders above them all. *This Filipino people need to grow in order to be equal to self-government*; and, no doubt, in time they will be fully equal to this responsibility.

At the conclusion of the speeches, the band of the 34th Infantry played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the immense concourse uncovered their heads to pay respect to "Old Glory."

The Manila Times was right. This was an era, an epoch in Filipino history. We need no seer or prophet to declare that under the "Star Spangled Banner," which can wave only above a people pos-

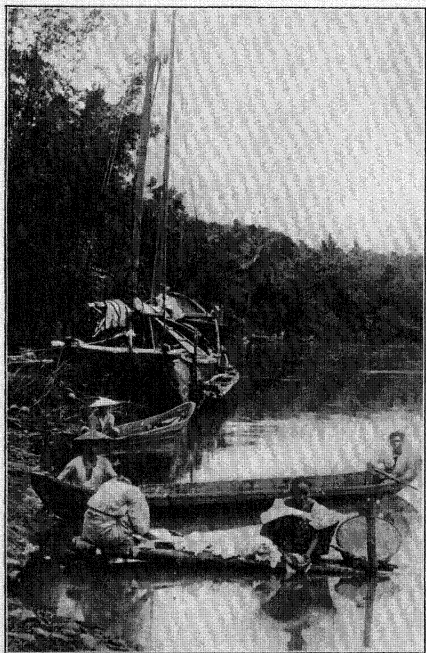
sessing liberty of conscience, this new era will develop a nation that will surprise the world.

A grand banquet with speeches that were most helpful and suggestive was given in the evening, and with good cheer and a better mutual understanding the memorable day came to an end.

CHAPTER VIII.

MORE VISITS TO THE PROVINCES.

For many years prior to the American conquest of these isles the unsettled condition of the country had made it unsafe for European ladies to go outside of Manila, therefore it was not surprising that when in March, 1901, myself and friend made several tours into the provinces, the Filipino residents were greatly surprised, especially when on one occasion it was necessary for one lady to take a ride of ten miles into the interior, in a little carromato, unattended. In many cases the observers called to their friends to come quickly to see the retreating carriage as it went jumping and swaying over the uneven road. Curious bamboo bridges swayed and sank under the weight of the tiny horse and carriage. However, none of them broke as I fully expected. The cry of my heart was, "Dear Lord, did you give the angels charge as you promised?" and the still small voice answered, "They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone!" With a heart full of sincere thankfulness for the sense of God's tender



WOMEN WASHING CLOTHES ON THE RIVER BANKS.

care, I rode on and on, by nipa shacks with their gardens of oranges, pomegranates and cocoa trees, between profuse growth of bananas, mangoes and cocoanut palms.

The broad streams of over-hanging plumes of tall bamboo, the quaint bancos sailing down the rivers loaded with all manner of produce, the thrifty rice paddies, and still more luxuriant sugar-cane fields, with here and there the waving maize (Indian corn), convinces me that the stories told of the marvelous productive resources of the islands had not been overdrawn. When one considers also that the present methods of cultivating pursued are identical with those used one hundred or one hundred and fifty years ago, one is still further convinced that the best is yet to come. The old Romish churches in ruins, the soldiers always in evidence, comfortably housed in old convents or better class of Filipino dwellings, remind one that Old Glory and "Americanos" have come to stay, and in time will establish in these islands so far from Washington the institutions symbolized by our flag.

The shadows lengthen, the nipa houses become more closely crowded together and the town comes clearly in sight. In this case the church is not entirely destroyed. The old clock-tower with its chime

of bells is still on duty, although under American rule. While I linger a moment to inquire of a band of soldiers where my missionary friend is staying, a crowd of women and children gather. Everyone knows just where the "Senorita Pastora," as they style her, is to be found, and I am conducted in state by the friendly crowd to the very house. Here the people, whose guest I am to be, come out to meet me, and insist that I have a cup of "chocolate" at once. This is the real article, unadulterated and grown on the low cocoa tree. It is prepared by each family for their own use, is served in small cups, and is very satisfying, for it is thick and rich. It is eaten with a spoon or by dipping the toasted strips of sweet bread into it.

After a brief stop here my friend and I started off together. Our destination proved to be an ermita or chapel, where prayer is made by the people. It is an immense open building. Tall rude images hang above the altar or stand on either side. Here we saw several women kneeling, counting their beads. Tall candles cast a weird, sad light through the building.

As we felt a hesitancy about opening the folding organ and beginning services, the people explained to us that this is not a church, but is an ermita or chapel. So after some debate we began the ser-

vice, the crowd gathering rapidly. There were no seats except the one at the organ. Printed hymn sheets were distributed, and the people sang with a will, for my friend had already conducted a service in that place. Two hundred faces were turned toward us in earnest inquiry, as the Bible was read and prayer offered, with a Gospel talk following. There were mothers with babies at their breast, children from their play, and men with uncovered heads. As the darkness came on, they produced candles that were held aloft by patient hands. The living candelabra seemed a type of what we must be, living torchbearers for Christ, for did He not say, "Ye are the light of the world?" Let Him take the place at our sacred altar of the rude images of saints and the Virgin. Let His sacred hand touch our bowed heads, and His unspeakable peace fall on us!

Thankful tears gathered in my eyes as we sang,

"Thou my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Savior Let me walk with Thee.
Close to Thee, close to Thee."

A benediction fell upon the wondering people. They felt His presence! In the gathering darkness, we rode back to the home of our host, the full moon

just rising as we reached the town. They are waiting supper for us. The Presidente and two of his council, true Filipinos, came to sup with us. This Presidente was formerly the head man of Aguinaldo's cabinet. He says little, but is a most intelligent and close observer. He listens with graceful deference. You feel all the time, however, that you are being studied, or weighed in the balance. It is possible that my friend and myself were the first American ladies he had met so closely.

As we were finishing supper, we heard music. It was the Filipino band come to serenade us. After giving them the pleasure of doing us such honor, our host invited them in, and we found they were anxious for a Gospel meeting. Glad of the opportunity, by the people's invitation, we spent an hour in Bible reading and explanations, answering questions and singing the hymns the Filipinos love so much. Before leaving all gave us a hearty handshake and words of welcome to their town.

We spent three days visiting in the adjacent towns (often being called to see invalids, who have lain long with obstinate diseases and scarcely any medical care), or responding to invitations to hold services to explain the Bible, a book entirely new to them. At every large gathering we sold from one hundred to two hundred portions of the Scrip-

tures. In a few cases, some who have more than ordinary intelligence had read parts of the Testament in Latin; but they had never entered into a real understanding of its teaching.

Before we bid good-bye to the sincere hospitality of these warm-hearted Filipinos, we must get a closer view of the inner working of the woman's sphere in the home. Our host is secretary to the Presidente of the town and its barrios (or villages crowded together). He has a gentle, intelligent face. His mother is an elderly lady with white hair, a gentle-woman, with the instincts of a true lady. The pretty little wife, too, fills her place in the home, where three children are her care. The servants who are numerous seem to be well-trained, polishing the open bamboo floors with banana leaves, doing the washing and ironing and cooking, besides helping the mother in the weaving; for there are always two or three looms in working order in every house.

At daybreak, we hear the pedals of the loom, as they are worked by the foot of the old lady. She seems to enjoy this work. By the large open window she quietly throws the shuttle in and out of the shining cinnimi, or hemp fibre. The fibre on the shuttle is as fine as a hair, and as strong as a much larger thread.

There are many varieties of texture, some so sheer as to be transparent. Others are more substantial and durable. In this torrid climate, these tissues that cover, but do not cling, are certainly most suitable. The more elegant varieties have the appearance of silk. Many women with a slender purse earn many pesos (Mexican dollars) a month, weaving and exquisitely embroidering this silk-like cloth.

In the privacy of their little "nipa shacks" this womanly work is done. Some neighbor gathers the work from many "casas," and carries it to the larger towns for sale. Truly these women are models of industry and thrift. As American women would sit and and knit or sew, so these Filipino ladies sit at the loom, weaving the beautiful sheer silky cloth, more like a gauze or chiffon. This gauze can be washed like linen. It cannot be torn and does not fade. Perhaps a serving maid will embroider this cloth on a frame in the most artistic pattern to be used as a veil or the graceful square which the ladies of the house throw over the head when going abroad, especially to church. She pins the square to her hair so that one point comes over her forehead, and the rest falls in graceful folds over her shoulders. The neck and large flowing sleeves of the "camisa" (the woman's dress waist).

must also be embroidered, as well as the bottom of her white skirt, which must have a deeper cast. This is all done in the home by the ladies themselves or their maids.

The house-keeping is simple, but absorbs much of the women's time. They raise the chickens which are largely used as food in this country. Eggs are also prominent at every meal. The maids and men servants clean the rice as it is brought from the fields. This is done at night so as to utilize the cool of the day. Generally four or six menservants and maidservants, armed with pounders, after the pattern of those used in mortars in the East, are assembled around the bowl, which is scooped out of the large-sized trunk of a hardwood tree. In this, possibly a bushel of rice still covered with its tenacious brown sheath is placed. A native violin or mandolin is in the hands of another servant. The music begins; first one, then two, and finally all four or six are pounding briskly. By the help of the music they keep time, and do not clash or strike one another's pounder. They enter into it as if it were sport, once in ten minutes taking a breathing time, while the music still goes on and on. Even this music has its minor key, as all native music has. Possibly in twenty minutes or half an hour the rice is cleaned and ready for the table. The

coffee must be roasted and pounded in a stone mortar for breakfast. This coffee is of a rare variety, similar to Moca. The cocoa berries must be gleaned from the cocoa-tree in the garden. These also must be pounded in the mortar and made into balls ready for the afternoon chocolate, to be drunk with sweet cake or bread. All nature combines to help these people. The water is alive with all manner of fish, easily caught with hook or net.

There are large plantations of sugar cane, and rice is provided them from their own paddies; with cocoa and coffee in their own gardens; with mangoes, bananas and oranges to be had for the plucking. Is it any wonder that these people have the name of being a very easy, happy-go-lucky race?

With abundance of tobacco, men and women alike smoke all day. Their clothing is made in their own homes; therefore they never need go shopping for food or clothes.

Let us breathe a loving prayer, that with the incoming hurry and bustle of American civilization, these simple people may not lose the charm of their sequestered life. Oh! that our coming to these islands may only mean lasting and real benefits; and not useless luxuries, or a higher civilization with less comfort and more anxiety.

CHAPTER IX.

DIVERSITY OF PEOPLE.

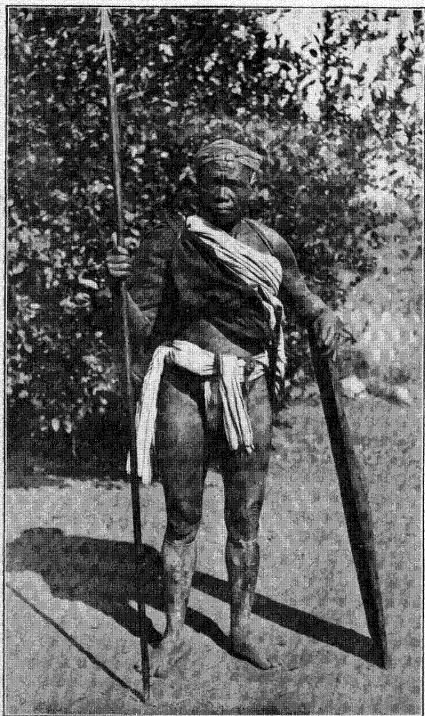
It is probable that proportionate to the area the Philippine Islands have a larger number of distinctly different peoples than any other territory of the same size. Moreover, they each speak a different language. This diversity extends from the highly intelligent Filipino of the better type, who is a man of refinement and education, speaking at least two European languages, besides several of the dialects of his native land, to the lowest order, the aborigine, or Negrito, who knows only his native tongue, and lives in the mountains with no better home than many of the lower animals. He never cultivates the soil, but roams about the mountains, eating fish, game, roots and wild rice. The Negritos are very light of foot, being able to overtake the deer, which roams the forests in herds.

The gulf to be spanned between these utterly different people is a wide one, but is bridged by several other classes, which are alike most interesting.

The Negritos are found in the mountains of almost every populated Island of this group. They

are very much like the African negro in appearance, but have less intellect and are quite below the average African in most other respects. They have never been conquered and have a religion not unlike the American Indians. They fight their enemies with bows and poisoned arrows. The wooden shields they carry in war are large and fancifully decorated. The Negritos are often stolen by other natives and carried to the plains to become the slaves of their more civilized neighbors. They are often seen in the provinces and in Manila as servants, their curly matted hair making them conspicuous. When trained they become good servants. The usual price paid for such slaves is about thirty dollars, Mexican currency. Of course under "Old Glory" the Negrito slave will receive his freedom! And when he understands the Gospel he will wake to a new being, for "The entrance of Thy word giveth light!"

Another race of aborigines is the Gaddanes, in the northwest part of Luzon. They are a very war-like tribe. When the "Flame of the Forest," or Fire Tree, is in bloom, the young Gaddane's "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." To prove his bravery and manliness to the father of his chosen lady he arms himself with spear and bolo and goes forth to scalp as many of his enemies as possible, to present to her worthy sire. The flowers of the



THE DIVERSITY OF PEOPLE. AN IGORROTE WARRIOR.

"Flame of the Forest" tree are therefore a sign to all enemies to be wary.

The Igorrotes are also mountain people, who have never been civilized nor yielded allegiance to Spain. They are a higher type than the Negritos or Gaddanes and have a better physique and straight hair. There are several branches of the Igorrote family. Their treatment of the dead is interesting. The friends make a feast, using the property of the dead man for the purpose. When well feasted they dance about the sitting corpse, with wild chants and cries to the unseen to take his soul to paradise. After a suitable amount of such expressions of care for his soul, they bury him and the obsequies are complete.

The Igorrotes have ideas of acquiring wealth, and have successfully worked some gold mines in the mountains not far from Banguet, near Vigan, where our Government proposes to open a sanitarium for Americans during the heated months. Igorrote gold mining is of the crudest order. The mountain is entered by large openings. The rock is disintegrated quartz. This is crushed by rolling a large boulder over it. The pulverized rock is then washed in a bark pan, easily obtained. The successful miner finds the golden grains in small quantities, as he does not understand the science of properly following up a vein.

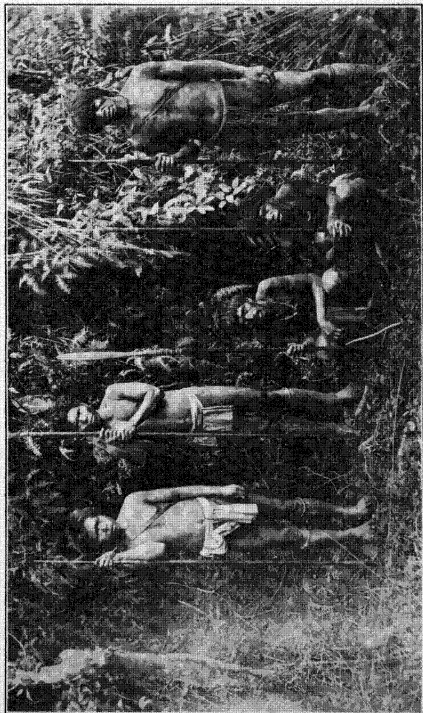
Americans have already started a mining camp near these Igorrote gold mines.

Another tribe of these untamed mountain people are the Elongotes, who are like the Igorrotes in some respects, but are a very short people, thick-set and sturdy. Some of these people are not more than four feet tall when full grown.

Many of these mountain people eat dogs in preference to other animals. They will go to a village below the mountains and capture all the dogs unfortunate enough to run into their hands, carrying them off to their mountain fastnesses.

Another class of fierce mountain people are the Ladrones (Spanish for "robbers"), who live by pillage. They are found in the mountains, as well as the marshes of the low lands, and have been the terror of the better classes for ages. The nipa swamps, not far from many large towns all over the Provinces, have from time immemorial suffered ravages from this lawless tribe.

As soon as the new railroad, which is well under way, is finished from Vigan to Banguet, we shall be going to those mountains in the north to pass the hot months, and will find it possible to get better acquainted with our aboriginal people and give them our Bible.



LADRONES (ROBBER).•

Deeds, however, will speak louder to these wild men and with more meaning than words. To live true lives before them will be the best proof to these people of the sincerity of our words.

It is yet early to speak definitely of the many tribes of people in the islands of this group to the far south. The Islands of Mindanao and Sulu are especially interesting, not only because of their natural beauty, but because of the Mussulmen who inhabit them. These Mohammedans have many of the peculiarities of all people who follow Mohammed, the "Great Prophet." Wherever this religion flourishes the people are peculiarly artful. These Philippine Mohammedans are cruel and do not aspire to education, as we find the inhabitants of Luzon are doing. The root of their language is Sanscrit mixed with Arabic, which is similar to the language of the Mohammedans of India. They worship Jehovah, but teach that Mohammed is higher than Jesus Christ. The religious ceremonies peculiar to all Mohammedan followers are found here, such as the fasts and feasts, the long prayers, the festivities at the weaning of children, the hired mourners at the funerals—all in strict accordance with Mohammedan ideas.

The Spaniards never succeeded in fully conquer-

ing these Mohammedans, although at different periods they have held them in partial subjection. They are in appearance not unlike the Mohammedans of British India, and use the Arabic language in religious rites and books. The women dress like Indian Mohammedans in bright red and green, with a profusion of jewelry. The leader of these people is known as the Sultan, and his wives as the Sultanas. The warm seas in the region of the Islands are rich in "Mother of Pearl," and the beautiful white "pearl of great price." The Sultan claims all pearls beyond a certain size, so the larger and more elegant pearls are his booty from the pearl-divers. The smaller pearls are sold in Manila markets for a very moderate sum.

We have not as yet been able to investigate the possibility of sending missionaries and Bibles to these people, nor has our Government fully taken possession; but all that is sure to follow quickly.

We have lately entered into a treaty with the Sultan, and followed out somewhat the methods Spain used, in granting the Sultan a subsidy, with the understanding that the United States is a protectorate. The first American soldiers who landed in the Sultan's domain came before any definite treaty had been signed. The Sultan said to his armed men,

"Go and kill those Christians." The armed Moros went, but presently returned, saying to the Sultan, "We did not kill those men. *They are not Christians! They are Americans!*" We are not quite sure whether this is a compliment or not. When Judge Taft and our civil commission stopped at Jolo, the capital, where the Sultan lives, April, 1901, the commissioner sent messengers ashore to say to the Sultan, "That the American commission were in the ships in the bay and wanted the Sultan to come out to see them!"

The Sultan was not pleased, and replied: "I am here in my palace, let the Americans come to see me!"

Nothing daunted, our politic commission replied: "We cannot come to the Sultan, but we hope he will honor us and allow us to fire seventeen guns in honor of his Royalty." This was too much for the Sultan. He came to visit the American ships and the commission and received the salute of seventeen guns. Let us remember that these Moros, so little removed from barbarians, are now our children. Easily pleased with trifles, let us beware how we trifle with them.

It is not possible to give, within the limits of this book, much of interest and importance regarding the

possibilities of increasing the products that are already so abundant, nor of the treasures of the ground in coal and gold mines, nor of the immensely valuable treasure in the forests, which supply such vast amounts of rare and beautiful woods. Neither can we stop to dwell on the interesting topic of the wonderful volcanoes, of which there are several now active; nor will the limited scope of this volume allow us to linger to speak of the influences electric, which are so pronounced here, producing the devastating typhoon, and many other kindred phenomena, nor the frequent earthquakes that remind one that the molten depths from which these mighty throes come, are most active in their immense seas of subterranean fires. It is exceedingly restful and reassuring that "He hath measured the waters in the hollow of His hand, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance!" That mighty One stands pledged to care for the minutest detail which concerns His servants *who depend on Him*.

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST FRUITS OF AMERICAN SOVEREIGNTY.

Many pages of this modest little book are necessarily filled with the recital of the agonies of a people who, for centuries, had blindly groped for deliverance from oppression. How delightful, in these closing pages, to be able to record the changed conditions, and give the reader a glimpse of a new order of things, that with leaps and bounds carries us on to see the probabilities in the near future of a new Filipino race.

In the policy of President McKinley toward the Philippine Islands, "the gospel of kindness" has gendered faith in America and Americans, but death, in its most dramatic form, has suddenly removed him from us. "In the twinkling of an eye he has been placed beside Washington and Lincoln, the greatest of his predecessors. He has been canonized by the united love of all the people."

The world began to realize that the United States has become a first-class power, when in the Spanish-American war, as well as in the episode in Peking, "our President had been able to pitch the world's

concert in a higher key, and to make the United States the moral leader of the nations."

His successor, President Roosevelt, immediately made public his intention to continue, "absolutely unbroken, the policies of President McKinley." These policies were distinctly outlined in President McKinley's last speech, the scope of which leads on to new ventures of magnificent magnitude.

"America's exclusiveness is to be a thing of the past." The American nation has entered its majority. Our statesman outlined the work of the new century, when he said, "We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans."

With our long line of frontage on the two great oceans, and the possibility of leading ocean traffic for 2,000 miles into the interior of our continent, through the St. Lawrence river and the Great Lakes, that Merchant Marine would be able to carry exports, directly from the sources of production, to any part of the world.

The coal of the Philippines will be needed by that Merchant Marine as it sails to the far East. The rich treasures of lumber, and still more varied and valuable agricultural products of the Philippines, can be carried by our ships to the center of our con-

tinent. Thus does the prophetic speech of our statesman, in his last utterance, vividly outline our near future.

It was our privilege to attend a great assembly at the California State University of Berkeley, when the funeral of President McKinley was being solemnized. The largest building on the campus, seating over 3,000 students, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

Many excellent addresses were made, in which our lamented President was eulogized. When the last speaker who addressed us said, "It is fitting in this hour of our grief and retrospect of the past to say something also of the man who has come to fill the Presidential Chair. Someone has said, in reviewing President Roosevelt's speech at Minneapolis before election, 'That it was pitched on such a high key that men of average character could never hope to reach such an exalted plane.' " The speaker then said, "If President Roosevelt's ideal of American manhood is so far above the average, the only way to satisfy him and the American nation will be for us to rise to that higher plane and fulfill our destiny by being remarkable."

It was so ordained that our present leader in Washington had outlined the Philippine policy months before the reins of government were put in

his hands. He says, "In the Philippine Islands we have brought peace, and we are giving them freedom and self-government as they could never, under any conceivable conditions, have obtained, had we left them to sink into a welter of blood and confusion, or to become the prey of some strong tyranny, without or within. *We are not trying to subjugate a people, we are trying to develop them*, and make them a law-abiding, industrious and educated people, and eventually we hope a self-governing people."

The recent outbreak in Samar is but an example of what may, for the present, be expected in isolated islands or provinces. Firm military rule in many districts will be for a time necessary to protect the people, as well as our Government, from guerrilla leaders.

The best estimates of the Filipino come from our officials. General MacArthur, when speaking of the Filipino says, "Human nature is not at its best held up at the muzzle of a loaded gun." Let us add, it is only since the coming in of 1901 that we have been able to study the Filipino any distance from the gun's muzzle.

General MacArthur also says, "I gave two functions while in Manila, at which 1,000 Filipinos were each time present. The occasions were quite equal in manner and dignity to a reception at the White

House. The cosmopolitan Filipino is as clever, polished and courteous an individual as one can meet anywhere."

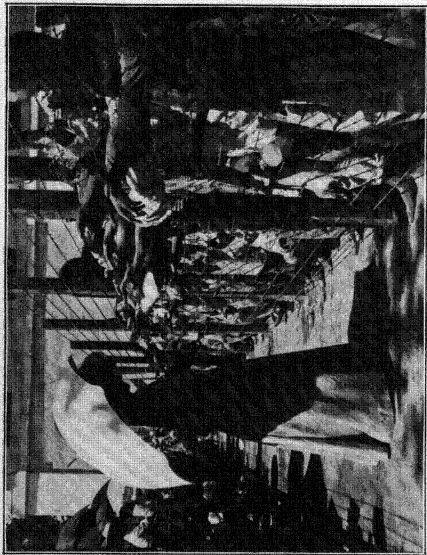
Early in 1901 General McArthur issued a proclamation, clearly defining the ethics of modern warfare. This proclamation enlightened conditions that had previously been barbaric. It was, indeed, a humanitarian effort to make these people understand the necessities of these restrictions; also it clearly defined the necessities for all belligerents to speedily lay down arms. Ninety days was given as the limit of forbearance; if insurgent armies did not voluntarily surrender inside of that time, they forfeited their freedom. It would only be the clemency of the Government that would shield them from deportation or long imprisonment.

It was a protective measure to capture these high-headed insurrectors in their mountain fastnesses. Thus it came to pass that it was a frequent occurrence to see large bands of prisoners of war being marched into the streets of Manila to the Spanish prisons. In the early part of 1901 a series of such surrenders and captures occurred. Those who voluntarily surrendered were immediately given their freedom, but there were between 5,000 and 6,000, who had been captured, who were detained in several large prisons in and near Manila.

It was our fortune to live near one of the largest of these prisons. Daily when passing we saw the men idly walking about the open court yards. Involuntarily our sympathy went out to them, for we realized that these men were not criminals, but had forfeited their liberty, and often their fortunes, for their country. It was a case of misunderstanding. Had they been able to comprehend that American sovereignty meant religious freedom, and, in the end, self-government, there need never have been a shot fired. What could one American woman do to show sympathy, and truly help them to understand the difficult situation?

The American soldiers on guard were questioned, "Have these prisoners anything to read; could they read if books were given them?" "Yes, most of them can read, and would be grateful for any such attention." Surely nothing would be more of a surprise, and help them to better understand the changed conditions under Old Glory, than to give them portions of the Scriptures.

"The Proboste" (general in charge) was sought to gain permission to thus serve the insurrecto prisoners. He demanded that we produce exact copies of the books we designed to donate, and then we were asked to swear that these, and only these, were to be given.



GIVING GOSPELS TO THE INSURRECTO PRISONERS OF WAR IN FORT
SANTIAGO, MANILA, APRIL AND MAY, 1901.

The precious little booklets were simply translations of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, in seven different languages. Tagalog gospels, for those who would best understand the sacred book in their own languages. Ilocano, for the Ilocos, Bysian, Pampangan, Pangasinan, Bocol and Spanish completed the list of the different translations, then ready for distribution. The whole Bible in Spanish was easily obtained. In the other dialects, however, we only had translations of two, or at the most four, different gospels, which were bound separately.

In these prisons were all grades of Filipino men, from the semi-barbarian of the mountains, who could understand only his own mountain dialect, to the cultured Filipino of the cities, who spoke and read the Spanish fluently, as well as the dialect peculiar to his province.

It was God's way to rapidly distribute the precious word so long denied these people. Before we could put in each prisoner's hand a single gospel, General McArthur had begun the granting of pardons to several hundred each day. By July, 1901, all these men had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and were on their way to their homes in distant islands and provinces. It was like putting these tiny seeds singly in fallow ground, not sowing broadcast, but placing seed by seed in

isolated spots fifty miles apart. So each man went rejoicing in his freedom, carefully carrying the tiny gospel in his bosom, or in his small bundle that contained his earthly effects. Thus it came to pass, their capture and brief imprisonment resulted in the carrying to isolated places in all the 1,200 islands, the foretaste of what we pray may soon be a fuller knowledge of God's word.

The American public school teacher has trodden closely on the heels of the departing army. When has the world had put before it such an object lesson of kindly purpose in a victorious power? The call for 1,000 of these American public school teachers is already under way of fulfillment, thus placing some of our own best trained educators in the cities of these islands.

That the Filipino needs teaching more than shooting is being rapidly proven, for these public school teachers are a more convincing proposition to the Filipino than any proclamation or assurance that American sovereignty is the best thing that ever came to their islands. They were never so cared for in the past. The English language is rapidly becoming their pride. They seize every opportunity to study it and use it in conversation, and while our Government decided to retain the Spanish language for five years as the language of governmental instru-

ments, there is little doubt but that in that time great numbers of the Filipinos will have thoroughly mastered the English and be as much rejoiced as ourselves to replace Spanish by English in all governmental papers.

While the United States Government, as such, has no direct influence in the forming of the people into a national church, yet the presence of our flag promoted such liberty of action that the Filipinos themselves have been able to unite with our missionaries of Protestant Evangelical Christianity and have formed the nucleus of an Evangelical Church.

A large proportion of the Filipino people have left the church of their fathers, but it was still their desire to worship God. They had never known but one form of worship. Denominational differences they could not comprehend. Our Protestant missionaries realized that a comprehensive and simple creed was a necessity to bind these Filipino Christians into one church. God planned the time and place for the forming of this infant Filipino Evangelical Church, without any preconcerted efforts of men. The missionaries who were needed to represent seven different religious organizations were in Manila, and easily drawn together in conference in April, 1901. In that conference, the power of the Holy Spirit was so markedly present that all felt that there was but one

possible outcome to the discussions, and that a "union." All felt that it was not Church, but Christ, they had come to serve.

The organizations represented in that conference were Presbyterian, Methodist, United Brethren, Christian Alliance, the American Bible Society, the Baptist, the British and Foreign Bible Society and the Y. M. C. A. Denominational differences were not mentioned. The Evangelical Union of the Philippine Islands was organized, and embraces all the denominations mentioned.

This is without doubt the most important and progressive missionary movement of the age. Its value cannot be overstated. While each missionary society, naturally, still has its separate organization, dependent on a different source for support, and each society also has its own polity, yet the body, as a whole, is one in name and unity of purpose. "La Iglesia Evangelica" represents all evangelical efforts to bring the Filipino people to Christ.

The Evangelical Union, thus formed, meets once a year. All Christians, both native and foreign, are to freely confer together in all matters of vital importance to the Union, and will deal with all questions relating to mission schools and colleges, mission printing presses and publications, with paid or unpaid helpers, uniform hymn books, and all matters



REV. LEONARD P. DAVIDSON,
(Deceased.)

Manila, P. I.

that are of interest to the Christian Church. Thus has God most wonderfully cemented the Christian missions of the Philippine Islands, with one purpose, one name, under one great head. "To Him be the honor and glory."

Through the earnest efforts of Rev. Leonard P. Davidson, who was suddenly called away from the work he loved so well, were the Filipino Christian Endeavor Societies formed. These young Filipino Christians had never before attended a religious service, in which they were expected to take a part. Their interest is most intense and the results are their rapid development in the Christian life.

Perhaps nowhere else in the world has the Christian Endeavor movement accomplished such decided results in a short time as it did among the Filipino Christians in the early part of the year 1901.

Their leader, Mr. Leonard P. Davidson, was in himself an inspiration. A perfect Apollo in physique, no one thought he could die from overwork.

Some time before it was considered safe for civilians to go into the interior provinces, Mr. Davidson was impressed that he must go at the urgent call of some Filipinos who came to Manila to urge him to come to their inland town and open an Evangelical Church. This was in December, 1900. The whole Island of Luzon was still under mili-

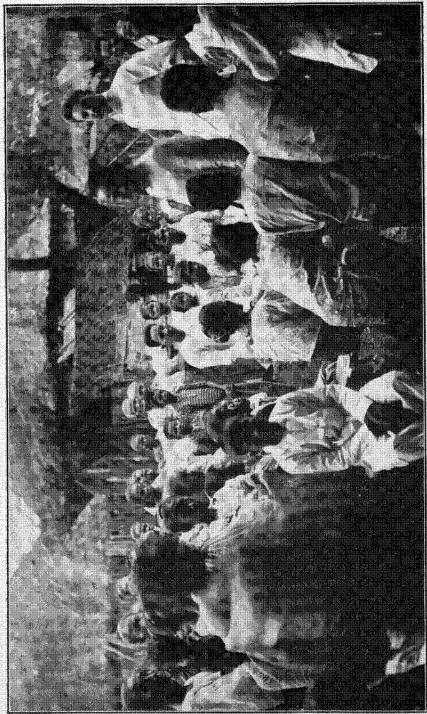
tary control, and many insurrecto bands were still lying in ambush ready to attack unprotected travelers. It was therefore considered unwise for him to go into the interior unattended.

The army officials objected to his attempting a journey across open country. Their prohibition was overcome, however, by Mr. Davidson's earnest entreaty and brave bearing. The officials provided a military escort, which conveyed him across the twenty miles known to be infested by ladrones as well as insurrectos.

That visit was a most productive venture, and proved the initial step toward the building of a native church that has since provided many most efficient Filipino Christian workers who are, at their own charges, acting in place of imported missionaries.

One needed only to look into the face of our Brother Davidson to know that he had been with Jesus, who was the secret source of his magnetic power.

With "Senor Leonardo" (as the Filipinos lovingly styled him) as their leader, it seemed as if the whole native church was to rapidly become Christian Endeavorers, and be able to express to their fellow-countrymen the newly found joy of Jesus as a personal Savior and practical power in their lives.



MR. DAVIDSON TELLING THE GOOD NEWS.

Perhaps "Senor Leonardo's" being caught away to the actual presence of Jesus has insensibly lifted all eyes upward more than his bodily presence could ever have done. He is, without doubt, just as radiantly happy in the boundless sphere he has been promoted to fill as when his eager spirit led him to work from early morn to the small hours of the tropical night—that he might take upon himself the service there was no one else to assume.

It was a dream of his life that some day there might be a national Christian Endeavor rallying place built in Manila for the whole archipelago, where the Christians from all the provinces of every mission might come for Bible study—a place where, in miniature, a Moody's Bible Institute for Filipinos might be stationed.

How fitting would be such a memorial to that life that was laid down for the building of a foundation in Christ Jesus of the Filipino Evangelical Church!

Let the Christian Endeavorers of our great country take it to heart, that the remembrance of that beautiful young life may be a perpetual influence to lift the Filipino Church God-ward.

Surely nothing could be more convincing of the true sympathy of Americans toward our Filipino friends than that such a building should be reared

in the metropolis, where for purposes of business and pleasure travelers from every part of the archipelago so frequently resort.

Traveling has not, in the past, been possible; but already the more prosperous conditions are being felt, and the Filipino is to become a truly cosmopolitan personage, who will sail to Manila frequently on his business and pleasure trips.

What could be more fitting than that he should find a Filipino Christian Endeavor headquarters, bristling with new ideas, and so inspire the traveler that he shall carry to his distant island many useful plans for the future of the newly founded Evangelical Church?

With better sanitation and medical skill the Filipino people will rapidly increase in numbers. With advanced education they will surprise the world with their material progress, even as much as the Japanese have done. With characteristic, warm-hearted enthusiasm, the prosperous Filipino will never disappoint us in his want of appreciative gratitude. God grant that we may be true to President Roosevelt's forecast of their future. "We are not trying to subjugate a people; we are trying to develop them, and make them a law-abiding, industrious and educated people; with God's help we hope a truly Christian and self-governing people."

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